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## REVIEWS

*Germany; her Resources, Government, Union of Customs, and Power under Frederick William IV. With a Preliminary View of the Political Condition of Europe and America in 1848.* By John Macgregor, M.P. Whittaker & Co.

The main body of these works has been before the public for some years. The reports drawn up by Mr. Macgregor under the generic title of 'Commercial Tariffs' are by this time tolerably well known to most writers upon statistics. Although it is quite true that these voluminous state papers contain much information which it would be difficult to obtain elsewhere, it would be doing violence to every law of criticism and candour to dignify as original works a series of documents which are so essentially mere compilations. Invested with the full control of all the resources of the Board of Trade, Mr. Macgregor had access to the most ample as well as the most choice materials for the elucidation of his subject. That he has not overlooked many of these materials is certain; but that he has done more than produced a curious mosaic of irregular texture and most unequal execution can scarcely be affirmed. The work before us is almost entirely composed of the contents of the official paper which treated of the kindred subject—introduced by an historical notice, and fortified by several subsidiary chapters and questions not very precisely connected with the ostensible object of the volume. We notice also a recurrence of the inexplicable gaps and omissions which have so often tested the temper of those who under the influence of a large reputation have been led to consult the 'Commercial Tariffs' upon topics clearly within their province.

The 'Preliminary View of the Political Condition of Europe and America in 1848,' coming from such a quarter, and starting questions not only of great political interest just now but also trenching on the ground of historical philosophy, claims our attention for a few moments. Not, however, that we find the whole even of this introductory essay new—on the contrary, much of it, not only in substance but in phrase, has been familiar to us for many years in its author's various works. We know of no writer who possesses the faculty of representing himself upon all occasions to an equal extent with Mr. Macgregor. In this very stay we meet with passages—sometimes pages—for the fourth or fifth time transcribed without the alteration of a word from previous books. For example, there are long periods in which we have traced through 'The Resources and Statistics of Nations' into the 'Commercial Tariffs,' thence into the 'Progress of America,' and now into the present work. In how many other publications these passages may have been called upon to do service we know not; but since they appear to be such fixed favourites with their author, we fear that our mild remonstrance will hardly induce him to dispense with them in future.

Mr. Macgregor divides his preliminary essay (which, we may remark in parenthesis, he seems to have composed and compiled rather for its own sake than as a necessary preface to the report) into four parts—'Progress of Civilization'—'Epochs of Civilization'—'Effects of the American and French Revolutions'—and 'Modern Condition of Europe and America.' This, it will be seen, is a very great subject, requiring vast knowledge and uncommon powers of mind to deal with adequately. We

do not assert that Mr. Macgregor has the high qualifications necessary for such a task; but to a fair share of reading he adds a great deal of practical experience—and the mature opinions of such a mind as his are always worthy of consideration. We cannot but think, however, that he takes a very narrow—though to him natural—view of the progress of Civilization. Long occupied with the history and statistics of commerce, he has become penetrated and engrossed with one idea—and like other men devoted to a *speciality*, he magnifies its importance. All forces are determined relatively; and nothing is easier than to exaggerate the influence of a power which is ever present to the mind. The history of religion, says the theologian, is the history of civilization. The progress of science is the progress of the world, says the inventor. The development of life—art—law—everything, depends upon the state of moral feeling in the community, says the moralist. It is an indisputable truth that the history of navigation and commerce is the history of civilization, says Mr. Macgregor, emphatically—that is, in capitals. Now, each of these personages is right, and speaks truth—in fragments. Neither the progress of science, of commerce, of navigation, of morals, nor of religion is separately the same thing as the progress of civilization—but each is only one of its elements. That the history of civilization may be broadly traced in the history of trade and navigation every one is aware; but he would be able to render but a very sorry account of the history of humanity who should neglect to consider it under its manifold other aspects. Our author belongs to a school of political philosophy—to which when fairly interpreted we are far from denying allegiance—forced by recent events into a bolder attitude of self-assertion than under ordinary circumstance and on graver reflection would seem necessary. This school, powerful in the soundness of its leading doctrines, stakes the Commercial against the Feudal principle—peace and trade against war and conquest—liberty against glory; and while thus fighting the battle of great truths against potent traditions, is pardonably apt to claim for its own principles a larger acknowledgment than can fairly be granted to them by the unimpassioned looker on.

Thus, we are told in the course of Mr. Macgregor's sketch of commercial history, that "amidst all the barbarous turmoils of Europe during the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, we find that it was the fisheries, the navigation, and the trade which had struggled through the middle ages, that originated the spirit of liberty and intelligence which has civilized Europe—that is, is civilizing, and will civilize the whole world." But here we are compelled to challenge an assertion which appears entirely to confound effects with their causes. Does not Mr. Macgregor see that the same indomitable energy, the individual will, the love of adventure and personal freedom which made nations free, made them also navigators and merchants? Indeed, we ask no other evidence than is contained in his own volumes to prove how ill-grounded is the assumption that the spirit of trade originated the love of liberty. Does he not tell us in this very essay that "it was to *enjoy freedom* that the fishermen who founded Venice fled from the northern barbarians to sterile, sandy or marshy islands in the Adriatic"? This one fact—not incorrectly stated—is surely enough to suggest that some principle more powerful, more spiritual than the desire to fish, to navigate, and to trade operated to induce the inhabitants of Aquileia and other Lombardic cities to settle upon those islands; namely, that which Mr.

Macgregor would consider a consequence of such settlement—love of independence. He also tells us that it was to enjoy freedom that the "traders and fishermen of the Low Countries founded in a country difficult of access, and without minerals or building materials, the navigation, fleets, and commerce of Holland." The fact is, however, clearly against the principle of his historical philosophy: for according to that, the navigation, fleets and commerce should have produced the love of freedom,—not *vice versa*. Mr. Macgregor's theory contradicts, as we see, his knowledge:—and whatever is true in that theory we think not well stated. A maritime position does not always induce trading desires—for many islands are entirely devoted to agriculture or fishing; and commerce does not, in the absence of other causes, produce civilization—for the Malays and the Chinese are inveterate traders, yet they are far from having attained to either the civil liberty of the Swiss or the civilization of the French. The Portuguese are a nation of traffickers, and they have a first-rate maritime position; but how does their civilization correspond? There is not a better situation in the world for trade than Brazil; but that magnificent country will not bear a moment's comparison with Massachusetts. Who will say that commerce created the free institutions of England? On the contrary, is it not obvious to the most superficial student of our history that our free institutions fostered and developed the trading spirit? When we would find the causes of the "Progress of Civilization" we must go deeper than to the material wants of mankind—without, however, overlooking their importance: to the sentiments, sympathies, convictions, feelings, passions,—in a word, to the mental and moral organization of races.

We cannot follow Mr. Macgregor through the entire course of his survey. Substantially, we think his account of the present condition of Europe and America exact and discriminating.—Come we at once to the new matter respecting Germany. We agree with him that the present state of that country is the most interesting spectacle which Europe has presented since the time of the first French Revolution. That peculiar circumstances have made commercial interests appear to play an important part in the great drama now in process of enactment in the Vaterland, we are also willing to admit: though we cannot attach even to the institution of the Zollverein the idea of supreme importance in the face of our knowledge of the two great facts—1st, that Prussia projected that Customs League simply as a political agent wherewith to counteract the superior influence of Austria in the Germanic Confederation; and 2ndly, that the desire for union now agitating the German mind—like the similar tendencies manifested in Italy, Sclavonia, and elsewhere—is almost wholly a moral and intellectual movement, originating rather in the elementary harmonies of race, language, and national characteristics, than in the hope or thought of money advantages—in fact, rather involving the questions of liberty and national importance in the European system than those of a public or private economy. What Mr. Macgregor says has its significance nevertheless.—

"When that extraordinary union of mutual intercourse, called the Zoll-Verein, became, in the phraseology of diplomacy, *un fait accompli*—that is to say, a practical operating reality—it then appeared evident to us that this social and commercial union formed, with regard to the *near future of Germany*, a great political fact, which, if wisely directed, could not fail to become the widest, and, in its influence, the most lasting blessing ever shed over that country. It constituted an union of material and moral in-

terests, by removing all the social and commercial barriers that had existed from the shores of the Baltic to the frontiers of Bohemia, the Tyrol, and Switzerland,—from the eastern boundaries of France and Belgium to the western limits of Russian Poland. The more we examined the whole history of the German people—their separate governments, the progress of intelligence, and the reproduction of the *Penny Magazines*, and similar works, at Leipzig, which were rapidly disseminated even over Austria—we saw clearly that the reign of the despotism of fear was coming to an end. Of this reign, Francis I. of Austria was the last monarchical type. He shuddered, before his departure from amid the sovereigns of the earth, in the belief of the fulfilment of the dictum, ‘*Après moi le déluge*’; and he wailed, in the bitterness of anguish, ‘*Alles ist verloren! alles ist verloren!*’ (‘All is lost! all is lost!’) His death, and the institution of the Zoll-Verein, occurred nearly at the same time. The reign of true practical civil and religious liberty—not, we trust, that of administrative impracticability—began at the same date to dawn over Germany!“

Hereupon, Mr. Macgregor enters into the politico-financial history of Austria from that time to the present:—and this sketch, brief but perspicuous, is about the most interesting part of the work. In attributing the misfortunes of Austria to material causes, our author is nearer right than in so dealing with the history of other lands; for it has long tried to banish ideas, and base its power upon material interests.—

“With the good intentions of a liberal and ardent mind, but not of a sufficiently matured or sound judgment, Joseph II. infelicitously his country by the false commercial and financial legislation which he directed his minister, Prince Kaunitz, to enforce. He subjected Austria, in consequence, to all the misfortunes that an empty and bankrupt treasury are sure to bring upon nations as well as upon individuals. A rigorous system, nearly in every respect prohibitory, was enforced by that sovereign. An expensive army of preventative custom-house agents was stationed around the frontiers, and monopolies of trade and manufactures, to be carried on by government or by individuals, were established. Of these, the monopoly of sugar granted to certain individuals, and the monopolies of salt and tobacco, as managed by the corrupt *employés* of the *Hofkammer* (finance department), were the most ruinous to the treasury. The misfortunes of Austria are far more attributable to this system, which remained unchanged until 1836-7-8, than even to an unconstitutional government. The late revolution, for we cannot consider it under any other term, was caused by the denial of those political and representative rights, which the progress of civilisation, and the diffusion of knowledge among the middle and industrious, rendered it impossible, either for the sovereign or the aristocracy, to hold.”

The wars against France emptied the imperial treasury. So-called voluntary contributions were then demanded. The silver and gold were taken from the churches. The currency was debased to half its nominal value. The exportation of the precious metals was prohibited. Compulsory loans were exacted and enormous taxes levied. But all these extortions were not enough. Count Wallis was called to the ministry of Finance; and his *coup d'état*, which received the Imperial sanction, is now matter of history.—

“On the 11th of February, 1811, the orders were printed with the greatest secrecy in the imperial printing-office; a copy of the warrant was sent sealed to all the governors of the empire, who were to open it at the same hour, on the 15th of March, 1811; these orders were instantly to be acted upon, without remonstrance, and without the assent of the States; and they were promulgated amidst the roll of military drums. This master-stroke consisted in the substitution of *quittances* for *bank notes*, so that **FIVE FLORINS** of the latter were paid by **ONE FLORIN** of the former, in all public and private engagements. The whole financial system of the empire was thus changed; the usual notion of right and property was entirely violated by a general national bankruptcy.

The war of 1813 drew forth a fresh issue of 212,000,000 fl. in paper, besides *anticipation-scheine* (notes issued to be paid by anticipated funds) to three times that amount. When Count Stadion succeeded Count Wallis, the paper money became so valueless that he found it necessary to reduce it from 250 to 100. In consequence, the property of minors, hospitals, all institutions, and capitalists, was reduced from one hundred to twenty by Wallis, and from twenty to eight by Stadion—that is, in the two national bankruptcies, creditors of all kinds received only eight florins in state paper for every hundred due to them in silver. Yet all this was of no comparison to the corruption of morals introduced amongst the people. Every one endeavoured by all or any means to make up for his unmerited loss. The permanent disadvantage to the state was still greater. It was compelled to borrow, after the peace, first 20,000,000, and afterwards 33,000,000 from Rothschild, and soon after, nearly as much from other contractors. In 1831 a loan of near 100,000,000 florins was contracted; and unfortunately the expenditure of Austria has ever since exceeded the receipts.”

Dishonesty like this, whether in nations or in individuals, is sure ultimately to recoil on those who are guilty of it. If in this instance the sins of the imperial cabinet should lead to the independence and regeneration of Italy, the sufferings which they have caused will not have been endured in vain.—Mr. Macgregor, speaking from intimate knowledge of the people of Northern Italy, remarks:—

“On further reviewing the social, political, and administrative condition of Italy, we find among the middle and upper classes in Piedmont, intelligence, a silent spirit of discontent, and a yearning for civil liberty; we found distrust of, and antipathy to, Austria, in Lombardy; we discovered that this distrust of foreigners, and of the future, which in Lombardy had in families become hereditary, made the rich proprietors, and others who had more or less of wealth, misers, and paralysed enterprising undertakings: and it also became evident to us that the middle and labouring classes were uneasy and discontented, and only kept in their apparently loyal state, and in silent non-resistance, by the presence of an Austrian police and army. In Venetia, historical traditions were by no means obliterated, neither the middle nor higher classes spoke openly; for there, also, was an Austrian army and police, and there was no open sympathies, advancings, or imaginings, openly expressed between either Naples, Rome, or Tuscany and Northern Italy. So the people were quiet, and their tranquillity was mistaken for a loyalty to Austria, which never had an existence. They did not clamour, but they read and they thought, and they hoped that Louis Philippe would die, or cease to reign; and that when Prince Metternich was no more, Austria would possess no intellect for imperial administration. The same sentiments prevailed in Modena, Lucca, Parma, and the Legations.”

Here we must cease. The essay contains much more to which we would willingly have directed attention. But we have exhibited enough to whet the reader's appetite for more;—and shall conclude by recommending for his particular consideration the remarks on the present position of England, and on the best way of avoiding the contagion of revolutionary doctrines.

*Margaret. A Tale of the Real and the Ideal.*  
Boston, Jordan & Co.

This book, though published some time since in America, has only recently become known here by a few stray copies that have found their way over. Its leading idea is so well worked out, that with all its faults of detail it strikes us as deserving a wider circulation.

At the first glance, the book is not an attractive one. It abounds with conceits and affectations. With much power of delineation, there is that utter absence of artistic taste which is so conspicuous in American works.

The story is not well put together; yes when the reader is fairly embarked in it, he is held till the close—and will be apt to return to it more than once. Possibly had the author been more alive to all that the artificial nature of work of fiction requires, he might not have had the courage to carry his undertaking to an end. He might have taken fright at his own breach of conventionalism,—and, like a sleep-walker aroused in the midst of his dangerous travele have fallen a victim to the sudden consciousness of his position.

The period in which the work is laid is immediately after the War of Independence. The book bears the impress of a new country and is full of rough, uncivilized but vigorous Life. And in this world, Life is the one thing needful:—where that is found, all other things may be added. The leading idea which the book seems intended to expound, is, the surest way to degrade men is to make them fancy themselves degraded: that so long as that belief does not poison the sources of experience, “*all things*”—even the sins, follies, mistakes so rife among men—can be made “to work together for good.” This doctrine, startling as it may sound at first, is wrought with a fine knowledge of human nature. The scene of the story is laid in Livingston, New England: and we have been told by the author to know that it is a very life-like picture of the society and manners of the outlying towns and districts in those days. Margaret is a young child living with her family at a wild, half-cleared spot up a mountain called the “Indian's Head,” and which had been the Indian's dwelling-place within the memory of man. Margaret is brought up amid the sights and sounds of Nature on her grandest scale, and they sink into her heart, and fill her with strange wondering delight, long before her faculties are unfolded to understand what is passing around her. She is about four years old when the story commences; and has been taken by her brother Chillion to sail in his canoe on the great “Pond” near their home.

“It was commonly reported that the ‘Pond’ had no bottom, and an undefinable awe possessed the minds of people about it; but this Margaret was too young to feel. She took delight in skimming across the top of that dark-deep mystery. \* \* Reaching the opposite shore, Chillion drew up his boat, and went to a rock where he set himself to catch fish with a long pole. Margaret played with her canoe, and turned into a recess where the trees and rocks defied the water. The birds were merry-making in the underwood; and deep in the water she saw the blue sky and the white clouds. She said, ‘I will go down to the bottom, I will tread on the clouds.’ She sank to her neck,—but could discover nothing but the sandy bed of the pond. A swan glided, weet weeting, along the shore; she ran after it, but could not catch it. She saw a blue jay washing itself—ducking its crest and hustling the water with its wings; and she did the same. Wiping herself on a coarse towel her mother wove for her, she dressed and went back to her brother. A hornet rang through the woods.—‘Dinner is ready,’ said ‘we must go.’ \* \* At night, Margaret seated herself on the door-step, to eat her supper of toasted brown bread and watered cider in a curious cherry bowl and spoon. The sun had gone down; the whip-poor-will came and sang his evening note; the night-hawk dashed and hissed through the woods and the air on long, thin, quivering wings. A solitary robin chanted sweetly a long time from the hill. Myriads of insects swarmed and murmured over her head. She heard the voice of the waterfall at the outlet; she saw the stars come out—Lyra, the Northern Crown, the Serpent; she looked into the heavens; she opened her ear to the dim evening melodies of the universe—yet as she grows.

This is all the teaching Margaret has; but these influences are so dropped “through the porch and inlet of each sense,” that she is made

by them invulnerable to all grosser influences. She passes through evil with a holy unconsciousness, not knowing it to be evil:—it can take no hold upon her to deface her. The father and mother who had charge of her were living in anything rather than the odour of respectability:—indeed, the people of Livingstone looked upon them as a disgrace to the neighbourhood. The father, who rejoices in the *soubriquet* of “Pluck,” is a jovial, red-faced individual, who had at one time lost one of his ears for some misdemeanour, and is dreadfully given to intoxication. “Brown Moll,” the mother, is a sullen, worried woman, given to drink too, and “almost broken down by her habits and misfortunes.” She was a patient weaver, impatient with all things else, wrinkled, faded, and grey; smoking eternally, except when she removed her pipe to taunt her husband. The eldest brother is harsh, brutal, and drunken. With all this, however, there are gleams of better things and touches of human nature that prevent the reader from hating any of these three. Indeed, the great excellence of the book is, that the characters are all painted from their own point of view, —from within, not from without. Their actions are invested with that indescribable atmosphere which disengages from the individuals themselves the extremely questionable aspect that they bear to the world.

This is done with great skill. Chillion, Margaret’s younger brother, is her only friend and companion. He has the soul of an artist and a poet: but, silent and untaught, he knows not how to give utterance to the vague reveries that possess and torment his soul except through his violin,—on which he has taught himself to play. His sweet and gentle nature contains a whole world of life and beauty: of which he shows extremely faint traces like the first streaks of a flower beginning to burst through the green calyx in which it has been nursed. But he furnishes, alas, only one more instance of that

Unripe blessedness which drops away  
From the young tree of life, like blasted fruit.

There is yet another brother, Nimrod; a rough, coarse, jovial, good-natured fellow, whose visits home always make a holiday for Margaret.

These are the environments amongst which the heroine grows up “a child of grace and genius.” A quaint old schoolmaster, a humourist in his way, teaches her a strange medley of acquirements (Latin and Greek amongst the rest): but he will not let her be instructed in any religious dogma; so that as far as doctrines go, she is what is called a heathen—ignorant almost of the name of Christianity—yet full of passionate yearnings after that which is the soul of all religion. From childhood she is haunted by dreams of some unknown excellence and by vague yearnings after its attainment. These obstinate questionings and gleams of veiled splendour from some mysterious, unrevealed world grow daily stronger and stronger; until they interpenetrate her whole being—and she can no more be contaminated by the vice and debauchery around her than the lily is polluted by the soil in which it grows.

There are many graphic and life-like pictures of the society of Livingstone, which have the minuteness of fine old Dutch paintings. Of course, the world of Livingstone, surrounded by the unimpeachable decorum of school and meeting-house and regular church-going, regards the family at the “Head” as altogether beyond the pale of salvation. Pluck, the father, having once been put in the stocks for transgressing the Sabbath, has resolutely declared against going to church himself or allowing any of his family to go. Going to church, or “meeting” as they phrased it, has naturally become to Margaret a mystery which she

greatly desires to penetrate:—and one memorable day she is allowed to go, alone. The description of her adventures is given with great humour: and the keen, clear judgment which she passes on all she sees is very edifying. Under the irony and subtle sarcasm of the sketch is preserved a fine human spirit, which keeps the entire sketch from any taint of irreverence.

The following is an account of what Margaret did on her return home that day from meeting: though the effect of the contrast is necessarily lost because we cannot afford to give both scenes. We have chosen this for the sake of the descriptive power which it manifests.—

“She arrived at the Pond a little before sunset. She fed her chickens, her squirrel and robin. Her own supper she made of strawberries and milk in her wooden bowl and spoon. She answered as best she was able the inquiries and banterings of her family about her day’s adventure. The evening air was inviting, and her own heart was full of life; and she took a stroll up to the ‘Indian’s Head.’ This was nearly a hundred feet above the Pond:—beyond the Pond extended a forest without visible break or limitation. In every direction, here and there on side hills, in glades of the forest, appeared the roofs of orchards and barns dappled the scene. To this place Margaret often came, to lie on the soft grass under the firs, to sleep the mid-tide sleep of all nature; or ponder with a childish curiosity on the mystery of the blue sky and the blue hills, or with childish dread on that of the dark deep waters below. She now came up to see the sun go down. She sat on the grass with her hands folding her knees. On the right of the sun-setting was a break in the line of woods and hills; having a sharp promontory jutting towards the heavens, and overlooking what seemed like a calm clear sea beyond. She could see the roads leading to Dunich and Brandon winding like unrolled ribbons through the woods. Greenness like a hollow ocean spread itself out before her; and in the forest the darkness as the sun went down seemed to form itself into caverns and grottoes and strange fantastic shapes in the solid greenness. Deep in the woods the birds still hooted and sang unweariedly: the cawing of crows, the tinkle of bells, and the lowing of cattle were distinctly audible; swarms of flies skirmished in the sunbeams before her eyes; in the grass crickets sang; rich fresh smell from the water, the woods, the wild flowers, floated up and regaled her senses.—The surface of the Pond as the sun receded broke into gold ripples, deepening gradually into carmine and vermillion. Between her eye and the horizon was suspended a table-like form of illuminated mist—a bridge of visible sun-beams reaching to the ground. The clouds which had spent their Sabbath on their own way came to behold the sunset; some in long tapering bands, some in flooky rosettes, and some in broad many folded collops. They showed all colours—rose, pink, violet and crimson; and the sky about the sun weltered in ruddiness whilst the opposite side of the heavens threw back a purple glow. She saw the sun sink half below the horizon; then all his round red face go down—the light on the Pond withdrew—the bridge of light disappear, and the hollows grow darker and darker. The little rose-coloured clouds melted away in their evening joy, and went up to rest in the dark unfathomable chambers of the heavens. The broad massive clouds grew darker and dimmer, and extended themselves like huge-breasted lions couchant to watch all night near the gate of the sun. Margaret sat there alone with no eye but God’s to look upon her. She sat as if for her the sun had gone down and the sky unloosed its glory. She sat mute and undisturbed as if she were the child-queen of this great pageant of Nature.”

We might have found more entertaining passages than this,—but they would suffer in being disjointed from the context. There is an account of a thunder-storm, by which Margaret is overtaken in the depths of the forest; and an account of how all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood join in rescuing her, which is a most life-like and spirited description. It is too long,

however, to quote. Margaret lives in a state of religious heathenism for a long time; the grotesque theology with which some of the village people try to indoctrinate her has given her great disgust. One day, as she is sitting in a favourite haunt, trying to read a book of Dutch Divinity called ‘The Marrow of Theology,’ a stranger passes by, and they enter into conversation. He speaks to her of Christianity in its highest and broadest view—undisturbed by the quickset hedges of Divinity that have been planted over it. She receives the Revelation with a cry of joy, as the object her soul has so long yearned after.—Henceforth, Margaret has her life hidden in this deep mystery.

It is well for her that a source of strength has been revealed to her; for trouble is nigh at hand. Chillion, her darling brother, falls under a terrible cloud of grief and shame. At a convivial meeting, which goes on in great harmony till they all get more or less intoxicated, Chillion, scarcely knowing what he intends to do, kills one of the company with whom his family have had some variance. It can hardly be called murder; but juries in those days were more rigid than in ours. Chillion is condemned, and hanged. The prison scenes are worked up with great power and eloquence:—but are too long and too painful for quotation here.

After the terrible catastrophe of the death of Chillion, Margaret and the family leave the Pond and go to a distant town. Margaret meets with many adventures; and discovers that those whom she has considered as her parents are only her relatives. Her mother had been cast off for having made a forbidden marriage. Margaret is discovered by her grandfather,—who is rich, and makes her rich too. The family return to the Pond. Margaret now grown up to womanhood, is as noble and charming as when she was a child. Pluck and his wife become softened and improved characters:—even *Dash* and *Nimrod* are changed. The death of Chillion had been a sorrow working good to them all. Mr. Evelyn comes back and marries Margaret. Under their example Livingstone becomes a wonderful place:—rather too much of a moral castle in the air. We have unluckily so little to go upon in descriptions of heaven upon earth, that it is hard to make them life-like. Still, the end of the book is very pleasing. The leading idea has been kept in view throughout, and worked out thoroughly to the end. The redeeming influence of sorrow is well shown: sorrow leaving no poisoned incurable wound, but bringing forth the peaceable fruits of well-doing from its harsh teaching. This is a morality which we consider needs very much to be insisted on. Men cultivate Remorse as a virtue, to atone for past sin by aggravating the sting of regret. They are scared by the ghosts of their past deeds. What a man *does*, be it good or bad, is so much less than what he *is*, that it is weak and miserable slavery to be in subjection to the past. A man may not tarry with his past acts:—he must not allow his life to be hindered by either the reproaches or the applause of his conscience. To change evil into good—to perfect that which is imperfect—is the problem assigned to each to work out on his entrance into the world. *Nature has no reprobates*: in this world nothing is finally or irredeemably bad. Mistakes, and even crimes, are not dead inorganic results, to remain in stern unchangeable evil; they may be transmuted into good, for they spring from living human nature. They are to serve as experiences, for the purpose of helping us onward, not dragging us back;—for experience, as Goethe says, is “knowledge gained at the expense of something we would not willingly

have done." For those who use it aright experience leaves no brand. There is strength and regeneration in *Life*—even in the life of the moment that is passing away.

We have confined ourselves to a mere statement of the leading idea wrought out in this somewhat remarkable book, and of the means by which it is evolved. Our outline of the work and its tendency is necessarily meagre; but may incite our readers to look at it for themselves.

*Memoirs and Correspondence (Official and Familiar) of Sir Robert Murray Keith, K.B., Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Dresden, Copenhagen and Vienna, from 1769 to 1792. With a Memoir of Queen Caroline Matilda of Denmark; and an Account of the Revolution there in 1772.* Edited by Mrs. Gillespie Smyth. 2 vols. Colburn.

It may as well be stated at once, that these are no Memoirs of Sir Robert Murray Keith in the usual sense of the word. What opportunities for "gathering" may have been open to Mrs. Gillespie Smyth we cannot, of course, define or enumerate; but the volumes before us warrant us in fancying them to have been confined to the perusal of portfolios of old letters, and to the possession of a history of the poor Queen of Denmark and the Struensee Conspiracy which had been originally destined to appear in some other form. The official letters of one employed in such delicate negotiations as those conducted by our "Envoy extraordinary" and "Minister plenipotentiary" are hardly to be looked for in such complete and chronological form as would give an *olla* like this a place among materials for history. Such a record, too, if meant to be substantially useful would claim the editorial annotations of a statesman and a diplomatist, being above the handling of any woman,—unless, peradventure, it be *Madame la Princesse Lieven*. Again, there is good reason why the familiar correspondence of one holding Sir Robert Murray Keith's position should be as frivolous in its topics as familiar. Even when he was writing to so accomplished, high-minded and conscientious a lady as his sister (whose character, as *Mrs. Bethune Balfour*, Scott has so engagingly immortalized) the Ambassador could not safely or honourably have trusted himself to Boswellize the personages with whom he was in daily intercourse; still less to circulate Walpoliana respecting queens and queens' favourites,—monarchs and those with whom monarchs do consort. Such home truths are reserved for the diary with the Bramah lock which is not to be published till the Diarist has become a shadow of discretion by lying in his grave a score of years and one. "Bozzy" and Strawberry Horace would have made bad envys!—Yet more, whereas 'Murray's Hall' may have been a very plenipotentiary "primrose" of prudence and imperturbable temper—displaying the eye of a lynx and the patience of a beaver in watching the turnings and windings of Austrian policy,—these volumes reveal no traces of such wit, taste, or shrewd insight into character as *must* have made the man a good letter-writer in spite of all the conventions and cautions of diplomacy. His liveliest letters are those sent home during the Congress of Sistovo. This was held, it will be recollected, in 1791, with a view to negotiating the peace between Austrians and Turks:—and one of his epistles will suffice by way of specimen.—

"Sistovo, Dec. 23rd, 1790.

"I have fairly bid adieu to Christendom since Saturday last, and am now, my dear sisters, an inhabitant of a large Bulgarian *borough*, for town it is not, and village it must not be called, as it contains

above five thousand *houses*, such as they are, and a very crowded population. It is situated on the banks of the Danube, on heaven knows how many small hills, with deep chasms between them. The air is excellent, and the water good, so that in point of health it is infinitely preferable to Wallachia.—But let me give you the particulars of my *exit* from that last province, and my *entry* into the Turkish dominions. I must tell you that I slept at a village in Wallachia where there is a large detachment of Austrian cavalry. Notice being sent to the Turks of my intention to cross the Danube, I set out at ten o'clock in the forenoon (the finest mild sunshine I ever saw), and with no less than sixteen (not six) horses to each of my three carriages. I was carried at full gallop along a grassy plain, escorted by a detachment of the Austrian cavalry, and all the officers on horseback, together with the chief magistrate of Simniza and his suite, in short a most magnificent *cortege*.—I found on the brink of the Danube, two or three Turkish row-boats armed and with *parapets* at their sterns, and cushions to sit on. The mehmandar (an officer appointed to live with me and regulate everything) was the first to compliment me; then an officer from the *teftedar* (treasurer) and other Turks, who took place along with Stuart and me in the first boat, while all the servants and carriages were stowed in the others. My fleet fired their guns (little ragged cannons), three and three, and were answered by an old castle on the Bulgarian side. The Danube is smooth as glass, and the shore on the Turkish bank lofty and majestic. When we touched the land, a great number of well-dressed Turks met me on horseback, and gave me a fine horse (all over embroidery), which I mounted; other horses were given to Mr. Stuart and *every person* belonging to me. We moved along in slow procession toward the hill; and it was really a striking sight to behold the whole face of it, and of three or four adjacent hillocks, covered with *many many* thousands of people, Turks and Greeks in strange parti-coloured habits; not one thing or one living creature resembling, in outward appearance what I had been accustomed to see in Germany.—We were conducted to the *teftedar's* custom-house, and brought into his apartment, where coffee, pipes, sherbet, sweetsmeats, and *frankincense* were presented to us, by turns; and Prince Morusi, chief interpreter to the Porte (a well-conducted young man, son to a hospodar of Moldavia, and who will himself be one day sovereign of that country), made me a very polite compliment in the name of the *Reis Efendi*, who is the first of my colleagues. From thence we climbed up the hill, on the worst pavement, and through the most crooked lanes that can be imagined (but on sure-footed Turkish horses), and after a hundred turnings and windings, without seeing anything which deserved the name of a street, we at length arrived (and here ends my pompous tale) at my *castle*, allotted to the representative of the Crown of Great Britain.—Figure to yourself, my dear Anne, within a little farmer's yard, where no carriage can turn, a *bit* of a house, containing in all three *pigeon-holes* of rooms, the best of which is fourteen feet by twelve; the dining-room twelve by ten, and six feet in height; the bed-chamber just three feet longer and two feet broader than my *tent bed* and no other furniture anywhere but large sofas on the floor, with cushions (what say you to that?) of *cut velvet* on a *gold ground*! Never surely were gold and velvet so ridiculously employed!—But let me proceed. This *bit* of a castle is joined by a wooden bridge and covered passage to another hovel, less in every proportion, containing likewise three nut-shells called rooms, where my chief attendants reside. I made as if all were entirely to my mind; and, in fact, I care little about the matter. I treated my conductors with coffee, pipes (their own), sherbet, &c., and sent them away contented. I then took a view of my domain, adjoining to my *palace*, and found eleven separate hovels, for my kitchen, for my confectioner, my washerwoman (brought from Bucharest), and a bit of a house for my dragoman Pisani, expected from Constantinople. I immediately set about improving my dwelling, and in four days I have got a new dining-room for *twenty people*, scullery, confectionary, &c.; chairs, tables, bedsteads, kitchen furniture, and *every article* of house-keeping, brought from Vienna, are now in their places, and I, as well as every one of my people, find our-

selves pretty comfortable, each in his *pigeon-hole*. I have a guard of Janissaries and Bulgarians, who lodge near my gate, and who accompany me everywhere. All my visits are paid on horseback, with a large retinue, and this forenoon the *Reis Efendi*, who were crammed together, and smoked their pipes (to repay my visit) in my *best nutshell*.—So much for diplomatic and tedious etiquette; the visits are finished, and I hope we may be able to set about serious business in two or three days. The Turkish ministers are decent well-behaved men, and very civil in their way. The male Greeks and Turks in this town are a stout and handsome race of people. The first are clothed in all manner of colours, each man has two pistols and a large *poignard* at his girdle, and they look arrogant and surly. The Greeks wear long Asiatic habits, but no turban or arms of any sort. They would be respectful if they dared. The Greek women (not handsome and ill-dressed) stared at us as *Christians* would, but the Turkish women, of whom I saw *several* hundreds, are dressed uniformly in a large wrap of chocolate-coloured coarse stuff, which reaches from their chin to their toe, and makes all ages and figures nearly the same. On their heads they have an *impenetrable* veil of white linen, twisted round the head in three or four turns, leaving *no bit* of skin to be seen, but the eyes, and as much of the nose as sufficient to breathe. These muffled dames sat in little groups, peeping from corners of balconies (every house has a balcony) or through half-open doors or windows; not one man either in their company or near them. I thought I could perceive some little art in the fashion of the veil; all their eyes appeared lively and of a good colour. But I can not even conjecture where the word *handsome* can justly be applied. I did remark, (and it gave me pleasure to see a little dash of coquetry bestowed upon a Christian) one fine white plump female had stretched out bare on the shoulder of another woman as if by the *merest accident* in the world! I instantly searched for the eyes to which the hand belonged, and I thought they sparkled with soft complaisance. Human nature is the same everywhere!—Now, my dear sisters, what do you not owe me for the preceding *Oriental description*, and all as true as the Gospel? I am a great man everywhere but in my own dressing; and there I am a healthy good-humoured young fellow, laughing at all inconveniences, and fired with the ambition of doing good to humanity with the full approbation of those who sent me hither. But such an embassy, in the dead of winter, with such roads, weather, and accommodations, pacify empires in a Bulgarian hut, is not to be mentioned in history! This Congress will be dull and slow, but if left to take its own course, I think my issue may be predicted. The Russians are in the height of their campaign on the Danube; but the *Reis Efendi* told me to day that the Turks have gained some advantage, and will prevent the forces of Ismail from falling into the Russian hands. I do not yet without fear on that score; but if the Russians are baffled there the campaign will soon be at an end, and I trust we shall be able to bring the *holy dame* of the north to wish for peace.—I have written all this letter without drawing breath; I shall add a few words to-morrow. Young Stuart is an excellent lad, and all my servants behave incomparably well. Adieu! good night, my dear sisters.

"Dec. 24.

"Barely time to tell you, my dear Anne, that all is well; that my dragoman, Pisani (a respectable old gentleman) is arrived from Constantinople with his son, and brings me several presents of wine, fruits, &c., from Sir Robert Ainslie, and a most obliging letter. I am now every way ready for business. My hearty love to all friends, and a most affectionate embrace to the sisterhood and aunt Anne. You grow lazy as a correspondent, my dear Anne, give me all your news. God bless you. R. M. K."

But though we cannot rank this collection among contributions to history, and therefore abstain from considering its "official" portion,—while the "familiar" correspondence has the laborious liveliness which depresses more than it diverts the uninitiated reader—in this, as in every other extensive collection of letters, the

lover of character and anecdote who possesses the real magnet may detect a grain or two of precious metal. We are grateful for the letters of Marshal Conway; which are gentlemanly, graceful, and sensible, without any pretension. His picture of Berlin holds good "even unto this day."

"Dresden, July 21st, 1774.

"Dear Sir,—You desire to be informed of my progress, and I have already let you know it, after I was advanced to Brunswick. Potsdam and Berlin turned out, I think, just what you had told me I should find them: the finest, showiest towns I ever saw, by much; but so entirely outside, so unnaturally and artificially fine, and so blended with inside meanness and emptiness, as to give the whole an air of ridicule. When you see fine houses inhabited by fine people, it has an air of grandeur and beauty. When a barber or a shoemaker inhabits a palace, the whole is ridiculous. The singular rage the King has for this manner of building, and the immense sums he spends in it, are among the miracles of Frederick the Second. His palace, however, is noble as well as wonderful. That he should, besides all these towns, build such a palace after such a war, is a wonder; that he should build it in three years, among his miseries. I think this palace, as I said, very noble; and, though not in the purity of Italian, or even French taste, you, as I remember, undervalue and condemn it too severely."

Marshal Conway was on a military tour,—and we will make room for his visit to the Prussian camp at Breslau.—

"I got in time to my Breslau camp through all impediments, but barely so, and as it were, to a moment. I was five nights out of the last six, from Pesh, without going to bed; having only tasted repose a few hours in the charming green bed; but that was little. I expected the camp at Breslau, having never heard of any other name. But behold! when I came there, I was told it was four German miles off, at a place called Schmelwitz; that the King had left Breslau, was gone there, and would probably begin his manoeuvres the next morning, at four or five. It was now evening; I found out your friend, Count Zinzendorff, who confirmed it all; it was at that very place, a small village, the quarters it all probably taken up, and not the *idea* of a public-house! Here was I, then, without quarters, without horses, not knowing whom I was to find, or how I should be introduced. However, there was but one way, which was to go on; so I got hacks to ride, ordered my chaise, and at twelve at night (a very bad and dark one) issued forth in quest of a camp, twenty miles off, I hardly knew where. At Schmelwitz, however, we arrived, most punctually, before five. But instead of a camp, or head-quarter, and the King directing his manoeuvres, found ourselves in the midst of a little dirty village, empty, dead, no soul stirring, no guard, no sentinel, no appearance of a head-quarter, not the idea of a camp; all seemed vanished like a vision. As soon as a living being was found, we asked if that was Schmelwitz. 'The King's head-quarter?' 'Yea.'—'Where he lodged?'—They pointed to a farm-yard.—'Where was General Lentulus?'—They showed a little mud-walled cottage close by us. In short, we found General Lentulus, and in a moment the enchantment, and with it all our distresses, vanished. He received me exactly as I could have wished; I was in such a spacious quarter as his own in five minutes. The King expected me, and had mentioned me several times. He was to see the troops march into camp that morning, but not till eight o'clock. At eight he came out, saw all his troops march in for three hours in a constant heavy rain, without a great-coat, his attendants all the same, and we dripped too in complaisance; and what was worse, after being wet and drowned rats, we went to attend his general orders, and levee, for an hour and a half, as we were, yet nobody a bit the worse; which shows that these silly, crazy corps of ours, when put to it, can bear a great deal when they please; though at other times a breath of wind will give one the rheumatism. We are, however, lucky creatures, and in my particular, during this long course, extraordinarily so, for I have hardly had another bad day when I wished for fair weather; and this one day past, the rest, during the

camp, were as fine as possible, which, besides the sensible *agrément*, added a spirit and lustre to all our shows and operations, which were indeed amazingly fine, and more than answered my expectations."

There is more of this sort of matter for those whom it interests; glossed here and there by sparing editorial notes of a *Dowager* innocence, overflowing with admiration of "the good old times." One more letter from Horace Walpole's 'Harry' has so much of the "Conway-ence" which the Wit heartily loved and enthusiastically praised, as to be worth giving; though it merely contains commonplaces and condolences.—

"Marshal Conway to Sir R. M. Keith.

"Park Place, 4th Sept., 1785.

"Dear Sir,—I am heartily grieved at the account you give me of your bad success with our ministers, on the interesting article of your *congré*, and think it mortifying that you, whom they find so useful in their negotiations, should have such difficulty in your own. There's no end of the evils, private and public, attending all political squabbles. It was among the laws of Sparta, or some wise Grecian state, that every citizen should take a part in all contests that were going on; but could a contrary injunction prevail, it would be well for the peace and happiness of mankind. There is an *old book*, little attended to, though well known, that teaches a very different doctrine. We are the children of peace by profession, and of discord by practice, and the whole system of mankind is a system of contention. One must leave the world actually to enjoy it, and if one has not great care, contention will follow even to our rural scenes. The pleasure of mutually tormenting seems the universal passion, and men affect it sometimes as completely about killing a hare, or the bounds of a dry field, as about a kingdom. I have, I assure you, no such contentions, having, thank Heaven! no manorial rights, nor hunting district, like the wild Indians; so that, could we but catch you here, when your good stars shall consent to your retirement, and allow you to be *annihilated* like myself, you may pass a good peaceable sort of nonentity; so pray don't lose sight of your *castle*. You shall not want our assistance to build or realize it, and people live so much *in the air* now, it would be quite unfashionable to relinquish it.

"Yours, ever affectionately, H. CONWAY."

There is a solemn letter of recommendation "for Mr. Meeke," penned by the Blue Queen, Mrs. Montagu:—who could not perform so simple an office without in the opening sentence trotting out *Ulysses* to show her own parts and learning. Next to this follows a pert note from Mrs. Piozzi; who was unable to memorize the minister on behalf of some furs detained on the Austrian frontier without breaking out into a sparkle of "flash." And who will fail to be struck by the "whining touches" of Foote's *Kitty Crocodile* contained in the nauseous letter from the notorious Duchess of Kingston be-speaking Sir Robert Keith's good word?—But these traits and passages are to be waded for. The staple of the book is, as we have said, incontrovertibly dull: and what may be called its thread of biographical narrative, is so slender as to be imperceptible.

*Hand-Book of Chemistry.* By Leopold Gmelin. Vol. I. Translated by Henry Watts. Printed for the Cavendish Society.

Leopold Gmelin, the professor of chemistry at Heidelberg, whose Hand-book is of European celebrity, represents in a very striking manner one peculiar phasis of the scientific mind of Germany,—of which Oken, whose 'Physiophilosophy' has lately been translated for the Ray Society, is the remarkable antithesis. Gmelin is a plodder in the paths of inductive research; anxious to gather here a fragment and there a fragment,—to collect the stones—the bricks and the wood, or the iron and the cement, for other minds to employ in the construction of the pile which is to be sanctified by truth. Oken, though in no respect less industrious, is content to allow

others to gather the materials; and his delight is to endeavour to arrange them into the great ideal of his mind—to build a spiritual temple out of the gross elements with which Nature and his science have supplied him. Between the workers and the wonder-dreamers the scientific part of Germany is pretty equally divided; and it is fortunate that the unadorned facts of one party are in antagonism to "the baseless fabrics" of the other. It is a beautiful occupation for the human mind to lay hold of a fact, and rationally proceed to examine the divinity which dwells within it. Nothing that stirs by its internal powers, or which is stirred by external excitation—from the meanest herb to the stateliest animal, from the floating dust to the most perfect organism—is without its mystery of forces—its own peculiar phenomenon of *being*; and in tracing step by step the laws that lead to its elucidation, the mind advances to those philosophic views and feelings which become by virtue of their soul-exalting power essentially poetic. But the evil of the habits of thought belonging to this class of German philosophers, appears to consist in their involving truth with mystery—looking upon all Nature through a glass which has been dimmed by the breath of the observer.

Fortunately, the disease, though it has occasionally shown itself, has never yet taken any deep root in this country; which has perhaps allowed its scientific mind to degenerate in the opposite direction—into the study of the practical merely—weighing every discovery by its value in the market. This disposition renders such a work as Gmelin's Hand-book of great value. It is a laborious compilation of all the facts of science; a work of infinite labour, a parallel to which does not exist in our language. Indeed, we do not believe it to be compatible with the genius and conditions of Englishmen to perform such a task as that to which Gmelin has devoted himself. The author of the Hand-book has made a sacrifice of his genius for the benefit of those who have less industry than himself. In his absolute abnegation of self he displays a pure desire to promote science and to render justice to all who have aided in the advancement of human knowledge. It is by this exhibition of hard facts on the one side that we may hope to have the influences of the theoretical dreamings of the other counteracted. The works of the two schools in their contrast form a psychological study of an interesting character;—and the theory of progress by antagonism is not more perfectly represented by any other development of the European mind than by the realists and the idealists of scientific Germany.

The Cavendish Society in translating Gmelin present their Members with a complete Cyclopedie of Experimental Science, in the order of arrangement which is best adapted for such information as those who work in science most desire to obtain with facility. The present volume treats of Cohesion, Adhesion, Affinity, Light, Heat, and Electricity; and the translator, Mr. Watts, has used a very praiseworthy industry and discretion in bringing together all the facts that have accumulated on these subjects up to the day of publication. If equal attention be paid to all the other departments of chemical science in the progress of this extensive work through the press, the officers of the Cavendish Society, as well as the translator, will deserve the thanks of the members. We could have desired one improvement,—which appears to have been neglected from a notion in the Council that they were right in its neglect:—that is, the conversion of the grammes into English grains, of the mètre into inches, and of the litres into imperial pints. Having on more than one

occasion alluded to the evils of not translating foreign weights and measures, we shall leave the subject where it is, with this incidental expression of regret:—being quite satisfied that the absurdity must ere long correct itself.

*The Shakespeare Society's Papers.* Vol. IV.  
Printed for the Shakespeare Society.

THIS new volume of the Shakespeare Society's Papers more than supports the good opinion which we have expressed in favour of the three preceding volumes. The student of our early literature and stage will find it full of new and curious information; bearing in one or two places directly upon Shakespeare himself, not unfrequently on the lives and writings of some of his most distinguished contemporaries,—and occasionally illustrative of the usages of the stage and the rise and progress of our early theatres. The chief contributors, as heretofore, are Mr. J. Payne Collier, Mr. Peter Cunningham, Mr. J. O. Halliwell, and Mr. T. E. Tomlins.

The principal point immediately referring to Shakespeare is contributed by Mr. Collier. The printer of the first, second, and third editions of Shakespeare's 'Venus and Adonis,' and of the first edition of Shakespeare's 'Rape of Lucrece,' was Richard Field. Who was Richard Field,—the printer employed by the poet on the only two occasions on which he sanctioned the publication of his own writings? The question has often been asked,—but it was reserved for Mr. Collier to supply the necessary solution. "Field," he says, "was a fellow-townsman of Shakespeare. He came from Stratford-upon-Avon; and was son to the very 'Henry Field,' late of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, tanner, whose 'goods and chattels' John Shakespeare, the father of our great dramatist, was employed with two others to value in August 1592." The fact is established beyond dispute by the register of the Stationers' Company.

"One portion of these Registers consists of a list of the apprentices bound to different printers and booksellers, and among them, under date of 10th August, 1579, I read the following:

"Rycharde Feyld, son of Henry Feilde, of Stratford upon Avon, in the county of Warwick, Tanner, hath put him selfe apprentice to george bishop, citizen and stacioner of london, for viij. yeres from Michaelmas next."

"The fee paid for the registration was in all cases 2s. 6d.; and immediately after the above entry is the subsequent note, (which is important in the biography of Richard Field, because he married one of the daughters, not of George Bishop, but of the person from whom he first learned the art and mystery of printing.)

"It is agreed that this Apprentis shall serve the first viij. yeres of his apprenticeship with the said Vautrollier, [whose name is inserted in the margin of the book] to learne the art of printinge, and the viij. yere with the said g. bishop."

"The time of Richard Field's servitude would therefore expire in 1586; and on 7th February, 1591, we find him taking an apprentice himself, that apprentice being his own younger brother: the memorandum runs thus:—

"Jasper Field, son of Henry Field, of Stratford upon Avon, in the county of Warwick, Tanner, hath put him selfe an Apprentice to Ric. Field, citizen and stacioner of London, for seven yeres from the date hereof."

"When, therefore, Richard Field printed and published 'Venus and Adonis' in 1593, and printed 'Lucrece' in 1594, he had been for some years established in business. He had married Vautrollier's daughter in 1588.—('Lives of the Actors in Shakespeare,' p. 223.) The inclination of my opinion is, that Shakespeare went to Richard Field and employed him in printing his earliest productions, both as regards the writing and printing of it, because he was a fellow-townsman, and wished to render him a service. There can be no doubt that Field executed

the task intrusted to him well, for whether our great dramatist did or did not correct the press (I think that in this instance he did), 'Venus and Adonis' is not only the most accurately, but the most handsomely, printed of any of Shakespeare's works. 'Lucrece' comes near it in excellence of typography, and the types employed are the same; but the literal errors, though still few, are rather more numerous."

Another of Mr. Collier's curious communications is the authentic history of "the Theatre" at Shoreditch:—of which our knowledge hitherto has been both scanty and incorrect. The new particulars are minute and interesting; and inform us of the trade or profession of James Burbadge the actor, the father of "famous Dick Burbadge." He was by trade, it appears, "a joiner;" and was probably, therefore, the builder of his own theatre,—which, like the rest of our early theatres, was built of wood. —The lease, dated April 13, 1576 (not 1575, as Mr. Collier has miscalculated) was granted by Giles Allein, of Hasleigh, in Essex, gentleman, to "James Burbadge, of London, joiner," for a period of twenty-one years: and a portion of the sum required by Burbadge was advanced by his father-in-law in consideration of an assignment of the moiety of the theatre and adjoining tenements. This assignment and the subsequent death of Burbadge himself led to a Court of Requests and Star Chamber matter; from which it appears that on or about the 28th of December, 1598, Cuthbert Burbadge, Peter Street (the carpenter, who built the *Globe*), William Smith, and divers other persons to the number of twelve, "ryotously assembled themselves together, and then and there armed themselves with divers unlawful and offensive weapons, as swords, daggers, bills, axes, and such like," and in spite of Allein and the men he employed, "carried away all the wood and timber unto the Bankside, in the parish of St. Mary Overyes, and there erected a new playhouse with the said timber and wood." That is, as Mr. Collier thinks, they enlarged the *Globe* with the old materials, and left nothing to Giles Allein but the ground on which the theatre stood and the glorious uncertainty of a suit in the Star Chamber. The issue is unknown; but the new particulars, it must be admitted, are very curious. Shakespeare, it is clear, must have taken a great interest in this forcible removal of a theatre from Shoreditch to Southwark.

Mr. Cunningham contributes a paper on 'The Whitefriars Theatre, the Salisbury Court Theatre, and the Duke's Theatre in Dorset Gardens.' These theatres are too frequently confounded with one another.—

"Three of our early theatres stood between the Thames and Fleet Street; the first was called the *Whitefriars Theatre*, the second the *Salisbury Court Theatre*, and the third *The Duke's Theatre in Dorset Gardens*. The *Whitefriars Theatre*, of which no earlier mention has been found than an incidental notice on the title-page of a play by Field, printed in 1612, and called 'Woman is a Weathercock,' was the old 'hall or refectorie' belonging to the dissolved Monastery of Whitefriars, and stood within the precinct of the monastery, and without the garden-wall of Salisbury House, the old inn or hostel of the Bishops of Salisbury. The *Salisbury Court Theatre* was originally the 'barn' or granary, at the lower end of the great back-yard or court of Salisbury House, and stood (as the indenture here first printed unquestionably proves) within the grounds of Salisbury House and Gardens; and the *Duke's Theatre*, in *Dorset Gardens*, stood facing the river, at the bottom of the present Dorset Street, Strype distinctly marking the site in his map of the Ward of Farringdon Without, engraved for his edition of Stow, published in 1720. By whom the *Whitefriars Theatre* was erected has not as yet been discovered. The *Salisbury Court Theatre* was built in 1629 by Richard Gunnell and William Blagrove, players: and the *Duke's Theatre*, in *Dorset Garden* (opened

9 November, 1671) was commenced by Sir William Davenant, and completed by his widow. It should be mentioned that *Salisbury House* and *Dorset House* were one and the same building, and that it was called *Dorset House*, after Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, the poet, created Earl of Dorset by King James I., to whom the property of the *Salisbury*, in Fleet Street, was conveyed, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by Jewell, Bishop of *Salisbury*, in exchange for certain lands near Crickleide, in *Wiltshire*.

The paper is supported by some curious documents new to our dramatic history,—which Mr. Collier will, no doubt, introduce into the next editions of his 'Annals of the Stage.'

Mr. Halliwell's most important communication relates to a "dispute between the Earl of Worcester's players and the Corporation of Leicester in 1586." The corporation disengaged popular amusements. In 1566 they stopped the fees usually paid to the bearwards who kept bears for the amusement of the people, and to the players who performed in the Guildhall. In 1582 they forbade any dramatic performances unless they were specially authorized by the Queen or the Lords of the Privy Council,—and then the acting was to be witnessed by the mayor and his brethren only. This spirit was carried to so great an excess in 1586 that the mayor appears to have provided Lord Worcester's players with a dinner as an inducement to proceed without playing. But the bribe was ineffectual; and a quarrel ensued, the particulars of which Mr. Halliwell has transcribed from the records of the city.—

"Willm Earle of Worcester hath by his wrytyng, dated the 14 of January, A<sup>o</sup> 28<sup>th</sup> Eliz. I<sup>o</sup>, licensed his swaunts, v.z. Robt. Browne, James Tunstall, Edward Allen, Wm. Harryson, Tho. Cooke, Richd. Johnes, Edward Browne, Ryc. Andrews, to play and goe abrode, using themselves orderly, &c., in these words, &c. These are therefore to require all suche her highnes offycers to whom these presents shall come, quiet and frendly, within your several presints and corporations, to p<sup>r</sup>myt and suffer them to pass w<sup>t</sup> your furtherance, ysing and demeanyng y<sup>r</sup>selfes honestly, and to give them (the rather for my sake) suche entayntment as other noble men's players have. In wytnes, &c., Mr. Mayor, Mr. George Tatam, Mr. Newcom, Mr. Jno. Heyrycke, Mr. Morton, Mr. Noryce, Mr. Robt. Heyrycke, Mr. Ja. Clarke, Mr. Ellys. M<sup>d</sup> that Mr. Mayor did geve the aforesaid players an angell towards there dynner, and wild them not to play at this present, beinge frydaye, the viij. of marche, for that the tyme was not conveynyant. The forsaid playora mett Mr. Mayor in the strete, neer Mr. Newcom's house, after the angell was geven a bowte a li. howres, who then craved licence to play agayne at there inn, and he told them they shold not; then they went away and sed they wold playe, whether he wold or not, and in dispyle of hym, with dyvers other eyll and contemptyous words: witness hereof, Mr. Newcom, Mr. Wycam, and Willm. Dethicke. More, these men, contynge to Mr. Mayor's commandment, went with there drum and trumptyts thorow the Towne, in contempt of Mr. Mayor; neyther wold com at his commandment by his offycers.

W<sup>m</sup> Paton, my lord Harbard's man, Thos. Powton, my lord of Worcester's man, these ij. come-  
ter's man . . . . .  
they wch dyd so muche abuse Mr. Mayor in the aforesaid words. Nota. These seyd playora have submytted themselves, and are sorye for there words past, and craved p<sup>r</sup>don, desyrginge his worshyp not to wryte to there M<sup>r</sup>. agayne them: and so upon there submyssyon they are licensed to play this night at there inn, and also they have p<sup>r</sup>nyed that vpon the stage in the begynnyng of there playe, to shew unto the hearers that they are licensed to play by Mr. Mayor, and with his good will, and that they are sorye for the words past."

Mr. Tomlins communicates three new Privy Seals granted to players in the reign of James the First;—Mr. Collier some new particulars about Norton and Sackville, the authors of

'Corboduc,' the earliest blank-verse tragedy in our language;—and Mr. Cunningham the will of Phœnix, the earliest English translator of any extensive portion of Virgil,—and the will of Samuel Daniel the poet ("well-languaged Daniel"), Shakespeare's successful rival for the office of Master of the Revels to Anne of Denmark, Queen of James the First. The remaining papers refer to Nat Field, Anthony Munday, Henry Chettle, Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Woman's Prize,' Massinger's MS. tragedy first printed by Mr. Crofton Croker, Dekker's conduct in his office of Garter King-at-arms, Buc's appointment as Master of the Revels, the first Drury Lane Company under Killigrew and Dryden, and an old Italian version of the story of 'Romeo and Juliet,' printed in 1553, and unknown to the commentators.—The paper on Massinger's play is an exposure of Mr. Croker's incompetent editorship; at which we hinted in our own brief notice of the old drama.

*The Emigrant Family; or, the Story of an Australian Settler.* By the Author of 'Settlers and Convicts.' 3 vols. Smith, Elder & Co.

*Life in the Far West.* By George Frederick Ruxton, Author of 'Travels in Mexico.' Blackwood & Sons.

The affinity between these two books which leads us to include them in the same notice resides in their both being devoted to life in those remote and disorderly places of the earth where adventures are to be had for the gathering, if not precisely "gold for the winning."—Mr. Ruxton's book possesses the added interest and value of being a last communication from one of the most daring and resolute of modern travellers; whose feats and journeys, as we remarked a year ago [*Ath.* No. 1057], are sufficient to satisfy those who may have been most apprehensive that manly courage is on the wane because of the increase of civilization and comfort. It is full, moreover, of strong contrasts,—of strange, savage pictures and breathless scenes—from which we forbear to quote only because they have already been published in a monthly periodical. A volume fuller of excitement is seldom submitted to the public.—Our readers will note that the author has since paid the penalty of his enterprise with his life.

'The Emigrant Family' scarcely matches 'Life in the Far West' for variety or colour. It is three as long as Mr. Ruxton's narrative—and not so well written. The author has a certain uneasy and mannered way of telling his story; perpetually reminding us that the tale is not his object so much as the presentation of pictures of life in the New World. For the rough and ragged sort of existence here described he had prepared us in his former sketches [*Ath.* No. 1027]. There we were shown specimens of the population in the midst of whom the Australian settler has to hold his own and to shape his course: a rude, lawless people,—some demoralized by descent from those who owed their denizenship in the New World to misdeeds committed in the Old,—others of an origin little more hopeful, having in their veins aboriginal blood. We were shown, too, how the presence of English women brightens the wilderness:—and it may be proudly said that our wives and daughters rarely disappoint us by failure in courage, self-command, or patience under hardships. Yet how new is the life and how strange the companionship to which our delicately brought-up countrywomen are introduced in Australia!—We are whimsically reminded of Hood's lady in 'Squampash Flats, with her longing for the "sight of stiff visits" as preferable to having

no gossip at all, by the following description of the first morning call "in the Bush."—

"After the few first days' novelty, and till habit rectified it, the bush was felt to be lonesome; Mrs. Bracton and the young ladies, therefore, were quite delighted as one fine day about noon they pointed out to each other a lady on horseback, in a light umber-coloured habit, riding slowly up the road from the point of the hill toward the hut. The horse had an awkward trick—unless, indeed, it were occasioned by the rider's method of managing the bridle—of holding his mouth aloft and wide open, as if perpetually endeavouring to swallow the bit. Behind the lady, at some distance, rode a servant, in a blue jacket but no waistcoat, a pair of Paramatta trousers, without stockings or gaiters, unpolished lace-ups, and a hat. \* \* \* The visitor hastened to announce herself to Mrs. Bracton as 'Mrs. Smart, Mem—of Smartville, Mem—near Ghigong, Mem.' Although

Mrs. Bracton could not comprehend precisely what particular of the definition was conveyed by the syllable 'mem,' she cordially invited her kind and considerate neighbour into her poor habitation. \* \* \* 'I am so glad you have come to this part of the country, Mem. I'm so in want of a female friend; oh! you can't think, Mem.' (Here there was a pause; which not eliciting the expected rejoinder, the visitor resumed with great pathos.) 'Husbands, Mem, have got their faults, that nobody knows of but their wives. I am sure you must have felt it yourself, Mrs. Bracton, Mem.'—Marianna turned with uplifted hands to her cousin, and exclaimed, 'Is n't that awful? What will mama do? We had better go in to her.' But before she came to the rescue of her mother, the lady of Smartville was heard again.—'The two young ladies your daughters, Mem?'—'One of them is my daughter, the other my niece,' said Mrs. Bracton.—'The short young lady your niece, I suppose?'—'No, Mrs. Smart,' replied Mrs. Bracton, with a very carefully-modulated tone. 'The tallest of them is my niece.'—'Oh! I see, Mem; a poor relation. We ought to take care of our poor relations. Makes me ask, I've got poor relations of my own. I send home my little boy's cast shoes and frocks every year reg'lar (that is, when I can find anybody that's going) to my sister.' \* \* \* 'Mrs. Smart,' said Katherine, who saw that something must be done to bring the present state of affairs to as early a conclusion as possible, and had risen and set the tray with some refreshments, 'you have a long way to ride back, and the days are getting very short now; pray make a hearty lunch before you set off.'—Mrs. Smart hastened to take Katherine at her word. 'I suppose you haven't got a gherkin, Miss,' she, however, inquired almost immediately.—'No, we have not,' said Katherine. 'We have yet only just what we could get into our boxes, coming by the mail.'—

"Oh!" proceeded Mrs. Smart, 'you can get anything you want at the township. They have everything at the stores, from a needle to an anchor. He's an old Jew, Miss, that keeps it. Such an ugly old man! I wonder the prisoners some of these nights don't break in and murder him, and take all he's got. But there, it's no use talking: the devil's children will have the devil's luck. They're a dreadful set, Mem, these convicts: you must flog, flog, flog, or else they'll do nothing. There's nothing too hot nor too heavy for them: anything that's an inch high or an hour old, only leave it in their way and I'll go bail you never lay eyes on it again.'"

This is a fair specimen of the not very rich comedy of the book;—which those curious in the ways of wild places may compare, if they please, with some of the American oddities pencilled by Mrs. Mary Clavers. But the prevailing tone of the tale is serious and sentimental—not farcical. The interest turns upon the mischief planned and perpetrated by Martin Beck, a knavish and wicked black overseer, whose schemes of cheating and self-aggrandizement all but ruin Lieut. Bracton, the settler, and end in driving the villain himself into outlawry with its usual consequences,—to wit, outrage, murder of a treacherous confederate, and violent death. The course and character of this man are depicted with considerable power; the author not having exaggerated his vices with any pernicious and

melo-dramatic intent. But the varieties of the class to which Martin Beck belongs are few and obvious, and most of them have been already indicated by Mr. Rowcroft and other authors. It is indispensable that from time to time the truth as regards a state of society in which we have so much at stake should be laid before the English. Every question, be it great or small, of colonial prosperity or morals demands serious entertainment,—for the sake not merely of those who may be going, but of those also who are gone, from us. Arranged, however, in the form of a fiction, we cannot but feel that there is a certain monotony in the incidents and characters,—and that the combinations are well nigh exhausted unless it shall please Australia to yield us a *Boz* of bush-manners and no-society.

*Ancient Sea-Margins.* By Robert Chambers, Esq. Edinburgh, W. & R. Chambers.

It is not often that we have to deal with an author who has quitted the flowery paths of literature for the severer ones of science. The temptation to such a change of habits and taste is not great—and with some minds the objections would be insurmountable. It is, however, exactly the kind of literature to which Mr. Robert Chambers has devoted himself that would be likely to produce a desire for the more precise knowledge of facts that science supplies. The popular mind of this country is essentially practical; and he who writes for this mind must acquaint himself with facts to satisfy this practical tendency. Theories, however beautiful, finally fall away before the transfixing question—Are they founded on facts? Mr. Chambers has here produced a book on an interesting subject—and one that is no discredit to him as a man of science. We have not in it the results of the investigations of a profound geologist; but we have the facts of an honest observer—and though some of his inferences admit of question, they belong to a branch of science in which the most instructed minds often arrive at opposite conclusions.

The subject of Mr. Chambers's essay is, as we have said, one of some interest; and embraces the consideration of those phenomena on the surface of the earth which indicate that at a time subsequent to the completion of the rock-formations our island was submerged to the height of at least 1,700 feet.—

"The fact of the submersion to that extent being admitted, several interesting questions arise. Has the change of the relative level of land and sea been accomplished by an upward movement of the land, or by the recession of the sea? Has the shift been slow and equable with regard to time, or by fits and starts with long pauses between, or by a slow movement interrupted by pauses? Has the time embraced by the whole series of phenomena been long or short, geologically speaking? What have been the general and particular circumstances and results of the whole movement? Geologists have long recognised objects in physical geography to which they give the name of *raised* or *ancient beaches*, seldom at elevations over 43 feet above the present sea; and these, of course, imply an assumption that there have been corresponding pauses in the movement by which the shift of relative level was accomplished. The descriptions of these objects, however, are rarely minute, except with regard to the constituent materials, and the shells which have been found in them; scarcely any exact measurements of their elevations have been made; and hardly a suspicion has been anywhere intimated of their bearing relations to each other. Geologists have also, for some years, recognised, in the celebrated 'parallel roads' of Glenroy, the memorials of the former presence of water at levels much higher than the above; but whether this water was the sea or an inland lake, is to this day a matter of controversy. Such is, in outline, the state of existing knowledge on what I may for brevity call the subject of the *Emergence*;

very fragmentary and unsatisfactory, in comparison with the prominence of the subject as a chapter in the earth's history—the chapter which may in some respects be considered as the most interesting of all, since it connects the cold and remote eras of a different zoology with the occupation of the earth by man and the present races of animals. It has been my task to examine the heretofore known examples of ancient sea-margins, with a view to ascertain if they bore any relations to each other; to follow out a chain of research amongst similar, though less obvious markings at higher levels; and to ascertain if these also stood in any mutual relationship: the final object being to determine as far as possible the questions above cited regarding the mode and circumstances of the shift of relative level. The general result is, that the superficial formations bear the marks of former levels of the sea at various intervals up to at least 1,200 feet, thus involving the Glenroy terraces; and that the markings in the several districts examined, as well as in the neighbouring coasts of France and Ireland, do all of them fall into such a conformity as to prove that the shift of level has been effected, from at least that height, with perfect equality throughout. This conformity in the levels over so large an area is, of course, favourable to the idea of a recession of the sea, as opposed to that of an elevation of the land; since it is precisely what would result from the former operation, while there is an obvious difficulty in supposing that so large a portion of the crust of the earth could be subjected to repeated upheavals, and yet so preserve from first to last the original relation of the levels of its various parts to the centre of the earth, that between Paris and Inverness not a vertical foot of derangement could be detected. On this question, however, I shall take no dogmatical course, speaking neither of upheaval of the land nor recession of the sea, but only of a shift in their relative level; and thus leaving it to others to settle the point, when my own facts have been received and further observations made."

From this quotation it will be seen that Mr. Chambers is inclined to attribute the phenomena which he investigates rather to a recession of the sea than to an upheaval of the land. It is to this point of the work that most attention has been directed; and because the facts do not fully bear out his theory Mr. Chambers's labours have been somewhat underrated. It will be seen, however, from the passage above that he is far from dogmatizing on the point alluded to. The fact is, that so many instances of the upheaval of land have been recently observed, that geologists seem to regard all indications of a permanent rise or fall in the level of the sea as the result of an upward or downward movement of the land; and the facts which cannot be explained by this theory are so few, that they are rather disposed to be intolerant when any other principle is mentioned. The facts referred to by Mr. Chambers as supporting the doctrine of sea-recession in certain cases are,—the equal heights presented by terraces evidently left by the sea over very large areas—such as exist not only on the two banks of the Firth of Forth and of the Clyde but also on the sea-shores of Great Britain and on the neighbouring coasts of Europe. These various terraces stand at such heights as to lead the author to suppose that all the beaches and terraces of the same level above the sea were formed at the same time. After describing one set of these beaches and terraces, he says:—

"We have seen, that the group of low flat lands and terraces just described, is backed by rising grounds comparatively steep which would be left as a new and somewhat bold line of coast if a submergence to the extent of 44 feet were to take place. Above this point geologists have hitherto ever as yet looked for ancient sea-margins; but it is, nevertheless, a fact, that, a second set of flattening is presented very conspicuously; the first at 53-6 feet, the second most generally and distinctly at 64-70, but sometimes running up to 85 or 90 feet, as if, in these cases, two distinct terraces had been resolved into

one: finally one at from 96 to 117 feet; above which there generally commences a new set of comparatively steep slopes. These are as characteristic features of the general outline of this island as the other, and though less apt to appear as something relative to the workings of the sea, are nevertheless so prevalent, that I am at a loss to understand why some general cause has not been speculated upon as concerned in their formation. I will recall a few objects in the physical geography of the country with which many persons are likely to be familiar. First, the form of ground on which the higher parts of London are built—a fine equable slope extending from about 70 feet at the end of the Crescent in Regent Street, up to about 90 feet at the Regent's Park. It is exactly such a slope as a tide would form in its periodical ebb and flow. That might be accidental—but then the object does not stand alone. Behind Deptford is a bench of ground of precisely the same form, and similar elevation. On the south side of the Mersey at Seacombe, opposite to Liverpool, from a steep sea-fronting cliff of 70 feet, there extends up to near 90 feet at Egremont Church, a plain exactly like the two above mentioned. Look, again, at the country bordering on the Firth of Forth: here, behind Granton, at East Duddingston, and through a considerable part of Haddingtonshire, there is seen precisely the same kind of plain, overhanging at the same height a low stripe equivalent to that at Deptford. Or examine the banks of the Clyde at Glasgow: there, both in the western suburbs at the Sauchiehall Road, and in the eastern suburbs near the House of Refuge, we have a complete repetition of this form and height of ground. Next, at St. Andrews, there is a similar plateau, on the front of which the ancient city is built. The banks of the Dee at Chester are another example. Such uniformities in configuration and height are surely very remarkable. A plateau beginning between 90 and 100, and often found at 108 and 112, but occasionally entire and distinct up to 117, is not less observable. We have it behind Inverness; on the right bank of the Tay near Perth; basing the high grounds on which Edinburgh is built; extending along the Tweed as far as Kelso, which is seated on it; and in various other places."

We must here, however, remark that it does not follow because beaches or terraces are of the same height that they were formed at the same time. There are so many causes evidently local that might produce such appearances, and so many errors may be made in measurement, that unless further evidence than that of merely apparent level were brought forward, the uniformity of the causes producing these levels does not appear to our minds satisfactorily made out. At the same time, Mr. Chambers's volume is very interesting; and it contains a sufficient number of original observations to render it a valuable contribution to the geology of our island.—The text is illustrated by a series of diagrams and woodcuts that contribute greatly to rendering the author's views clearly intelligible.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

**BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.**—*John Jones's Tales for Little John Joneses.* By G. P. R. James, Esq.—Few writers, living or defunct, have furnished the world with such ample means of judging of their measure of productive power as Mr. G. P. R. James. Few readers, therefore, when once apprised that these are tales on English history in imitation of the 'Tales of a Grandfather,' will stand in need of further guidance whether to buy or to refrain from the book.—The completion of 'The Little Savage,' by Capt. Marryat, is before us. The writer's skill in managing improbable incidents so as to engage our belief therein never forsook him to the last. This tale is as amazing and interesting at its close as at its commencement.

**Lofoden; or, the Exiles of Norway.** By E. W. Landor, Author of 'The Bushman,' 2 vols.—Two incidents are wanting to this novel—otherwise affluent in northern wonders: one is, such a storm as overtook the travellers in Fredrika Bremer's 'Strife and Peace'—the other, a Kraken! Having begun

his tale in the marvel pattern, we have a right to ask Mr. Landor why he has left out such indispensable threads from his web, which would at once have matched and contrasted with the other "screaming colours" (as the German embroiderers say) of which it is woven? Here we have a poor girl twice shipwrecked; once saved by an elder-fowler, who subsequently perishes by the breaking of his rope; a second time picked off the wreck by a providential boat just when she is on the edge of a whirlpool in which a whale has been broken to bits before her eyes. Here we have a Polish refugee banished to the silver mines in the depths of which a murder is committed—and delivered by a series of remarkable chances. Here we have a Scottish emigrant pastor with a pair of delicious daughters: also a Scottish resident, no *Triptolemus Yellowley* for innocence and pedantry, but a spy and an evil-doer—a harsh, cruel, persecutor of innocence belonging to the family of *Croque Mitaine*—his propensities more than suspected without his becoming therefore ostracized by his virtuous neighbours; and who one stormy day packs his wickedness up, and comes out, not in seeming, but in reality, penitent, clean and interesting. Nor are the tools, Paul Lebjieg and Elried his better half, more true to nature: a couple of arrant mercenaries, who become of their own accord faithful and beneficent. "There's some ill planet reigns," as *Queen Hermione* said. What epidemic can be abroad under the influence of which writers of novels are doing their utmost to dismember the circulating libraries of their manufacture?

**Use and Abuse, a Tale.** By the Author of 'Wayfaring Sketches among the Greeks and Turks,' &c.—The will to be a prophetess rather than the wisdom of a teacher was evident in the 'Wayfaring Sketches,' which introduced this author to the English public [A. No. 1034]. Here the disposition is triumphantly confessed. Confident in her own system of justifying good and rebuking error by a romance of the most florid improbability narrated in language which it will distress her to hear styled bombast—the author of 'Use and Abuse' takes the field in the cause of Belief against Unbelief. She exhibits the bright and the dark Angels, as crudely contrasted as they are in the German legend of 'The Wild Huntsman,' openly pitted against each other—the celestial following the diabolical spirit from clime to clime, until the grand catastrophe happens. As it is our purpose henceforth to touch but briefly upon so-called religious novels, we will only further repeat that the outrageousness of the invention is borne out by the manner of treatment. Yet turgid and overwrought as is the style, it exhibits indications of power sufficient to make us regret that the authoress has selected this violent and melodramatic mode of preaching the Christian's creed of charity and brotherly love.

**Recollections of an Old Soldier: a Biographical Sketch of the Late Colonel Tidy, C.B., 24th Regiment, with Anecdotes of his Contemporaries.** By Mrs. Ward, Author of 'Five Years in Kaffirland.'—Space is spared by a full transcription of the above title,—and almost enough told thereby in recommendation and character of the volume: which addresses a class rather than the general reading public,—and is executed with warm-hearted feeling rather than in nice taste. Part of these 'Recollections,' we are informed, had appeared in the *United Service Magazine*; and their success led to the collection, extension, and re-arrangement before us.

**Political Animadversions, elicited in consequence of the Ruinous Results of certain Legislative Enactments of past Years, of Measures carried and in contemplation at the present day, &c.** By an Observer.—This very little tract with the very big title—only a part of which we have transcribed—is fearfully bilious. With its writer, all new-fangled notions about peace, freedom and philanthropy are snarls. Wilberforce and Clarkson are denounced as "plausible" fellows. Free commerce is mildly described as "a systematic and premeditated crime." He is puzzled to account for the thirty years of peace which Europe had enjoyed: he has no belief in its continuance, and advises his countrymen to "rush to arms." The idea of "a peace of nations" may do, he says, for the market-place; but that such a thought should find expression in the British House of Commons he

holds to be a political or of Select Stories of the Massacre of Art, the end. These sold; no attempt to recommend the *Abenc* Dr. Guggenb By L. G. G. Coldstream, of a sources, of a last year at se our readers are thankful to L knowledge, to draw attention to system into which it certainly not—mon—end of our country was a great st to take charge poor creature and market—le when we restore them is not necessary erging from state. As in would go han bonded to 171, per and a restorant, the average double that a no hope reason why it success which on the Abenc a charge of rati A Solution Civilization Monarchs with Louis Napoleon Republic, and of Paperis Golden Age Medie.—W ill this be at least it is That it is known—duty in a few several times when resoluti Our men were compa in such a of: but we with are in plase coalit and that was of our Prigonom Morgan, the outside it comes fr title before it bold mean X, double lar than u and mean and algebr on. We come to the Catego vards (allie and Englis another by cause could not

a right to be as alarming as degrading." —He is clearly worthy of being the writer of "any mad-versions," political or otherwise.

*Selected Stories from Modern History, for the Instruction of the Children of a Village School—Story of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. Story of Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans.* —Not ill adapted to their end. These little stories are plainly and even fairly told; no attempt being made to excite party feeling or to disguise the real truth of history. We can recommend the book for reading in village schools,

*The Abenberg: an Alpine Retreat founded by Dr. Guggenbühl for the Treatment of Infant Cretins.* By L. G. Geneva. With an Introduction by John Coldstream, M.D. —An account, made up from many sources, of an institution described in our columns last year at some length [Ath., No. 1096]. Such of our readers as felt an interest in that article will be thankful to Dr. Coldstream for this addition to their knowledge.

The object of the present brochure is to draw attention to the subject of introducing the system into this country. Cretinism and idiocy are certainly not identical; but they have points in common—and early training might prove efficacious in our country disease as well as in Switzerland. It

was a great step gained when parishes were compelled to take charge of their unfortunate idiots, and the poor creatures were removed out of the streets and market-places. How much greater still it will be when we can remove them into hospitals and restore them to mental and bodily health! That this is not necessarily impossible a vast experience, con-

cerning from many points, is beginning to demonstrate. As in most other things, economy and humanity would go hand in hand in this matter. Children might be boarded and superintended medically for from £1. 17s. per annum—with the prospect of a cure and a restoration to health in a few years. At present, the average cost to the various parishes is about double that sum for adult pauper idiots,—with little or no hope of a permanent recovery. We see no reason why the experiments suggested by Dr. Coldstream should not be fully and fairly tried.

The process which has attended the experiment conducted on the Abenberg is of itself a guarantee against the charge of rashness or empiricism.

*A Solution of the Portentous Enigma of Modern Civilization now perplexing Republicans as well as Monarchs with Fear of Change. Addressed to Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, President of the French Republic, and Author of a Work 'On the Extinction of Paperism,' as being a probable Harbinger of a Golden Age of Universal Prosperity.* By George Madie. —Who can assert that wisdom is costly when all this can be had in change for a shilling? Here at least it is cheap enough—if the promise be kept. That is kept we will neither venture to assert nor deny—for the simple reason that we don't know. As in duty bound, we attacked the enigma three several times,—foraging about here and there, and then reluctantly returning to the assault; but all in vain. Our patience was at length routed; and we were compelled to raise the siege. With our practice in such campaigning, we are not easily driven off; but such volleys of words, such explosions of wrath are not to be withstood. Only one reasonable cause could we stumble upon in this "desert" tract; that was a small advertisement and puff,—to give currency to which we shall certainly not lend the seal of our columns.

*Trigonometry and Double Algebra.* By Prof. De Morgan.—After the manner of those who look at the outside of a letter before opening it, to guess who comes from, we confess to having pored over this book before we opened the book, to make out what it could mean. At first we considered that as algebra is double algebra must be XX—stronger analytic than usual. But this view we rejected as undigested and unphilosophical. We then thought it meant that Mr. De Morgan professed to have set algebra on two legs, which had hitherto hopped on one. We remembered a sentence of Aristotle which seems to tell both ways. In ch. 2 of the Book of Categories, the philosopher says in just these words (allowing for the difference between Greek and English)—"one science is not distinguished from another by being biped." Here we went profoundly into cause and effect, and reasoned thus:—Aristotle could not have meant that there never could be

biped algebra, for then Mr. De Morgan, who writes logic, and of course swears by the Stagyrite, would never have said there could, still less would he have pretended to bring the thing forward. We remember, now, that we learnt our own algebra under a feeling of suspicion, with the little boy, that if we said A we should have to say B:—and seemingly we were not far wrong. Indeed, we are informed that zealous algebraists have said C and D. Both Mr. Graves and Mr. De Morgan have written on triple algebra—and Sir William Hamilton (Sir W. Rowan Hamilton of Dublin—the philosopher of Edinburgh would not thank us for leaving any confusion on this point) has invented *quaternions*. Association of ideas brought back the intricate puzzle of our boyhood.—"Two legs sat upon three legs with one leg in his lap: in comes four legs, runs away with one leg," &c. But the conclusion gave a gleam of hope—"Up starts two legs, throws three legs at four legs, and brings one leg back again." We hope, said we, that all this will end in bringing one leg back again—for common algebra was hard enough in all conscience. Here we have before us "up starts two legs." Then, we looked at the book. Trigonometry is trigonometry, as heretofore: double algebra we find to be neither more nor less than the explanation of recent times by which what were called *imaginary* or *impossible* quantities cease to deserve those mystical epithets. This branch of algebra is here called *double* because its symbols are of double description; as a line—for illustration—must be described both by length and by direction. But, for our comfort, we did find that two legs has one leg in his lap. Common, or *single* algebra is a part of, and entirely contained in, double algebra. In fact, to our untechnical eyes it seemed just as if algebra had always been steering due north or due south, talking much of other courses under the name of *impossible* and pretending to steer them only in a Pickwickian sense: and that recently, by the application of a better sense, it had really learnt how to make other tacks than just putting quite about. Ah! well, said we, if this be all, we need not have frightened ourselves; we shall in future leave the algebraists to coin their own words, or anything else they please—excepting the coin of the realm.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Barth's (Dr.) *Mick and Nick*, from the German, 15mo, 12s. bds. Bentley's *Calib.*, Lib. and Art. X Chambers' *Scotland*, Part II, 25s. 6d. swd. Bennett (Rev. J. W. J.) *On Baptismal and Spiritual Regeneration*, 5s. Brandon's (Rev. J. A.) *Analysis of Gothic Architecture*, 2 vols. 5s. Burchell's (Rev. J. W.) *The Midnicht Cry*, 18mo, 1s. 6d. cl. Cadogan's (Rev. J. E.) *The Old Forest*, 18mo, 1s. 6d. cl. Callcott's *North American Indian Portfolio*, imp. folio, 5s. 5s. half-mor. Cooper's (J.) *Sermons on Events in Sacred History*, 12mo, 6s. cl. Cottage Dialogues, by D. H. W., "St. Luke," 2nd ed. 18mo, 6s. cl. Craig's (Rev. J.) *Comfort for Mourners*, 8vo, 7s. 6d. bds. Crutchley's *Pictures of London*, 14th ed. 18mo, 5s. cl. Fox's (W. J.) *Lectures to the Working Classes*, Vol. I, 12mo, 5s. 6d. cl. George and Lizzie, by Cousin Kate, 18mo, 3s. cl. Hall's (H. B.) *Exmoor*; or, the Footsteps of St. Hubert, cr. 6vo, 12s. cl. Hodges' (E.) *Sothing Thomas*, 12mo, 6s. 6d. cl. Hodges' *Wanderings in the Alps*, 12mo, 6s. 6d. cl. Innes' (Rev. G.) *Sermons at Cannobie*, 18mo, 5s. cl. Johnson's (L. D.) *Memoria Technica*, 3rd edition, royal 8vo, 6s. 6d. Lamartine's (A.) *Memoirs of My Youth*, 18mo, 1s. bd. Leaves from my Note-Book, by Rev. D. A. Denney, 32mo, 2s. 6d. cl. Macbride's (Rev. J. R.) *Sketches from the French*, 32mo, 2s. 6d. cl. MacCulloch's (J. R.) *Dictionary of Commerce*, new edition, 8vo, 52s. cl. Margaret's (Capt.) *The Little Savage*, 2nd ed., 3 vols. 12mo, 10s. cl. Mason's (Rev. J. S.) *Essays on Reformation in England*, 18mo, 6s. cl. MacCabe's (Belinda) *Collection of Arabian Tales*, 18mo, 2s. 6d. cl. Melville's (H.) *Mardi*, and *Voyage Thibet*, 3 vols. cr. 8vo, 17s. 6d. cl. Martineau's (H.) *History of the Thirtieth Year's Peace*, Vol. I, 12s. 2s. cl. Toulmin's (D. J.) *Curious Tales*, 18mo, 1s. 6d. cl. Perris and Pastimes of an Emigrant in Australia, 8vo, cr. 7s. 6d. cl. Plates to Illustrate "Barnaby Rudge," by "Phiz," 8vo, 1s. 6d. cl. Quinton's (J. A.) *Heaven's Antidote to Curse of Labour*, 12mo, 3s. 6d. cl. Riego's (M. J.) *Credit Bonanza*, 18mo, 1s. 6d. cl. Ross' (Rev. J. A.) *Our Fathers*, Vol. I, and II, 18mo, 1s. 6d. cl. Rust's (W.) *Guide to the Turf*, 1849, 8vo, 6s. cl. Sacred History of the World, from the Dutch, 12mo, 2s. 6d. cl. Saunders' (J. W.) *Simp. to Burn's Justice of Peace*, 1849, 8vo, 10s. cl. Seguin's (Mamma's) *Bible Stories*, 3rd ed. sq. 3s. 6d. cl. Sime's (Rev. J. A.) *Elements of Chemistry*, 12mo, 2s. 6d. cl. Smee's (A.) *Elements of Electro-Biology*, 8vo, 10s. 6d. cl. Thiers' *History of the Consulate and Empire*, Vol. VIII, 8vo, 7s. 6d. cl. Tourrier's (J.) *French as it is Spoken*, 7th edition, square, 1s. 6d. bds. Tracts for Christian Seafarers, Vol. I, 1s. 6d. cl. Walkinshaw's (F.) *Sermons at Brown's University*, 18mo, 2s. 6d. cl. Walkinshaw's (F.) *Sermons at Alp. Sumner's "Lectures,"* 1s. 6d. cl.

#### ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT LETTER OF ALBERT DÜRER.

SOME time ago, when examining the manuscripts in the Library of the Royal Society, I discovered an original letter of Albert Dürer to his friend Willibald Pirckheimer, bearing the artist's signature and well-known monogram, with the date of 1506,—which, as far as I can discover, has never been published. Being unable to decipher the writing, which is in the

ancient German character of the early part of the sixteenth century, and naturally desirous of learning the subject of the letter, I placed it in the hands of a competent German scholar conversant with manuscripts of the above period; and in due time he laid before me a translation of the document.

There is a circumstance connected with this letter which is important as indicative of the high esteem in which Albert Dürer's writing was held even as far back as two centuries ago. On the back of the letter is a note, of which the following is a translation.—

Most faithful, superior, particularly intimate and dear friend, Heinrich Pirkheimer.—According to his repeated request, I present him herewith a letter of Albert Dürer, addressed to Herr Willibald Pirckheimer. He has given it the more when he knew that I have refused to give it to several high personages, because I do not possess more than six of his letters, and this one is the more dear to me as it mentions more than once my ancestor who rests in God, Hans Im Hoff. Gold and silver are dear to every one, but this letter I prize even higher, because gold and silver are to be met with in the world, but Dürer's handwriting is not so easy to be found. The two Cardinals Spinelli and Ursini have requested it of me. This I mention that you may know how great is my affection for you.

Written at Nürnberg, July 3, 1624. HANS IM HOFF.

Thus, as far back as 1624 we find that a letter of the Prince of Artists—as Sandrart the founder of the Nuremberg Academy called Dürer—was esteemed more precious than gold and silver. Upwards of two centuries have passed away; and here is the letter for which great men humbly petitioned. Gently, most gently, has time dealt with it:—respecting the frail sheet, which is in admirable preservation.

I have not been able to discover in the archives of the Royal Society any allusion to the circumstances under which this letter came into the possession of the Society. An intimate acquaintance with the Society's history enables me, however, to account with tolerable certainty for its present position. Willibald Pirckheimer, a native of Nuremberg, to whom the letter is addressed, was a great friend of Albert Dürer; and it is on record that the artist during his residence at Venice wrote several letters to Pirckheimer. The latter collected a very valuable library, comprising rare printed books and manuscripts, which at his decease was purchased by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, during his embassy at Vienna, and was presented by his grandson Henry, Duke of Norfolk, in 1666, to the Royal Society. It formed the nucleus of their present extensive and rich library. It is more than probable that Dürer's letter to Pirckheimer passed into the hands of the Earl of Arundel with other papers,—and thus eventually came into the possession of the Royal Society. I might, were it necessary, adduce further evidence in favour of this conclusion. The letter is as follows.—

My willing service to my dear Lord,—I wonder much that you do not write to me how the Puzzle Ring pleases you, which Hans Imhoff sent to you by the carrier from Augsburg. I know not whether it has reached you or not. I have been to Hans Imhoff and questioned him, he says he cannot think otherwise but that it has reached you. There was also with the ring a letter which I wrote to you. The jewel is packed in a little case, sealed up, and is of the size here figured.\* ... For I made a drawing of it in my note book and brought it to Vienna with much care. It is fine and neat; and the goldsmiths say it is worth the money which I gave for it. It weighs about five half ounces, and cost me eighteen ducats and four silver marks; and if it were lost I should go half mad, for it has been valued at twice as much as I gave for it. They would have given me ... profit. ... I bought it.

Request Hans Imhoff to inquire of the messenger what he has done with the letter and little case. The messenger was despatched from Vienna to Hans Imhoff on the 11th day of March. Farewell; let me recommend my mother to you. Request her to charge my brother to be careful, and not to spend his time unprofitably. When I have leisure I will despatch a letter to you, already partly written. I am sorry for Herr Lorenz: salute him, and also Stephan Baumgartner. Given at Venice in 1506, on St. Mark's eve. Write to me soon again: I have meanwhile no peace. Andreas Kunhofer is dangerously ill: this I hear by a messenger.

ALBRECHT DÜRER.

For the excellent Lord Willibald Pirckheimer, at Nürnberg.

Independently of intrinsic interest, this letter is valuable in an historical point of view; for in the life of Dürer as Sandrart, Doppelmayr, Argenville and others, it is stated that the artist was in Venice prior to 1494—whereas it is probable from the above that he did not visit that city until a much later

\* Here Albert Dürer has introduced a sketch of the ring and the case.

+ Illegible.

period. The concluding words "Write to me soon again, I have meanwhile no peace," are suggestive of more meaning than the miscarriage of the "Puzzle Ring." Dürer had married a few years before this letter was written; and all accounts agree in representing the object of his affections as utterly unworthy of the gentle artist. Indeed, some have gone so far as to say that this Xantippe plagued his spirit out of his body:—and it is certain that during his residence at Venice his wife was not with him. Dürer confided many of his sorrows to Pirkheimer, who acted as a true friend; and there are letters of Pirkheimer's extant in which the artist is informed of family affairs at his uncongenial home. In conclusion, I may mention that with the view of effectually preserving this most interesting manuscript, I have caused it to be inclosed between two plates of glass, and framed; by which means both sides can be conveniently seen without touching the paper.

CHARLES RICHARD WELD.

Somerset House, March 12.

THE HOBART TOWN SCHOOL AND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

A school has been recently founded in Hobart Town,—the Directors of which, through their London agents, requested the Council of University College to select a head master. The Council accordingly did nominate—from a selection of about a dozen previously made, out of upwards of sixty candidates, by those agents—Mr. Froude, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford; brother of the well-known earliest apostle of the theological school called Tractarian or Puseyite according to the fancy of the callers. Since his appointment by the Council, Mr. Froude has published a work called "The Nemesis of Faith," in which very strong opinions on the books of the *Old Testament* are very strongly announced. Some of our contemporaries are raising a cry against the Council of University College as having of set purpose sent out an infidel, as they call him, to be the master of a School in connexion with their College (there is no connexion whatever). We set them right by informing them that the publication, be it what it may, was not made till *after* the appointment,—and that the Council of University College had no knowledge that any such work, or any work, was contemplated by Mr. Froude.

Having thus stated the two simple facts which our contemporaries have confounded in one—namely, the appointment of Mr. Froude and his *subsequent* publication—we make a remark or two on the case. Mr. Froude, we should judge from his writings, is a Christian of the school which does not admit any authority to belong to the historical books of the *Old Testament*, but treats them as open to all kinds of historical criticism. This opinion, be it right or wrong, has always had its followers,—and their number is increasing. Our readers will remember the outcry against Prof. Milman twenty years ago. To Mr. Froude's mode of expression, even when put into the mouth of a character in a fictitious work, great objection may be taken, on the ground of its being calculated, not being argument, to offend sincere advocates of the opposite view. And further, for ourselves, we disapprove of his not informing those who were to elect to the post he was seeking of his having actually in the press and about to appear a work containing opinions which it was so necessary they should have before them with reference to his fitness,—or at least to their opinion upon it.

And now, a word to the Council of University College. That institution was founded expressly on the principle that religion is too important a matter to compromise: and that therefore it was necessary, in giving secular education to all sects, to exclude the teaching of religion altogether, and leave it to the parents or those whom they might appoint for the purpose. This renunciation of religious teaching and its ground were made the subject of many an undeserved aspersion; though the Government of the country has since found that there is no way of giving secular education to all creeds except by copying the constitution of University College:—as witness the Irish colleges. But why were the Council unwise enough to undertake the above duty at all?—or, undertaking it, why did they not expressly stipulate that their selection would have no reference to

anything but scholarship and moral character,—the points on which they decide in electing their own professors? They will say doubtless that their constitution known to all the world entitled them to assume that the Directors of the Hobart Town School asked nothing more of them: and we admit that the answer is good against those Directors. But seeing that in the nature of the case the person they send out must be a religious instructor, we cannot help thinking that they erred in judgment when they undertook the office of selection. Not, however, that we consider their choice to be a wrong one on any knowledge that we can imagine them to have had. A Fellow of a College in Oxford might well be assumed by the Council of University College, London, to be of indisputable fitness to teach boys religion in the opinion of nine out of ten men throughout the empire.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Naples, March 4.

*Pompeii and Vesuvius.*

BEING desirous of seeing what progress, or if any progress, had been made in the excavating of Pompeii within the last few months, I ran over by the railway at the beginning of this week. How different the appearance of things from what I have witnessed during former visits! No gay parties, with guides and sketch-books, were scattered here and there, intent on novel and profound discoveries. The ruined city lay in all its desolation; the silence of its streets unawakened by a single other voice than those of our own party. The cicerones—so languid and despairing did they seem at not having seen any *foresteri* for *tanto tempo*—had fallen into a state of lethargy well suited to the silence and slumber of the place. "Where are you excavating now?" I asked. "Nowhere," was the reply. "When were the last excavations made?" "About eight months since," said my cicerone. "These *teste riscaldate*," added he (for my guide being in the King's pay was a thorough King's man), "ruin everything; and nothing is now thought of but revolutions. We have not earned a *carlino* this month." My guide proceeded to tell me that there were seventeen men employed in looking after the ruins, and that upwards of two-thirds of the city lay still undiscovered. I was sorry to observe that some of the frescoes had suffered much since my last visit,—those in the house of Sallust and of the *Piccola Fontana* particularly. Though by being removed they would lose much of the interest which their locality imparts to them, I could scarcely help wishing they were in the Museum. An Englishman of the name of Falconer was permitted, however, to follow out another wish some months since,—and one house remains with all that was found in it arranged in due order. When the excavations will be resumed it is quite impossible to say:—indeed, there is no apparent probability of its being speedily. We hear nothing but the din of arms, and of nothing but preparations for war; while millions of ducats that might be invaluable spent in supplying the wants and advancing the taste and civilization of a starving and ignorant population are lavished on implements of human destruction.

That, however, which to our cicerone was a subject of lamentation—the absence of visitors—was to us a cause of congratulation; for the unusual silence harmonized finely with the character of the place. Another circumstance added much to the interest with which we regarded Pompeii. Vesuvius was remarkably active; and we could see a broad sheet of lava—perhaps fifty feet wide—rolling down in one direction,—its path marked by a thick line of smoke, which at night came on shore out in a long line of fire. Here and there fire shot up in pyramids from the new mouths which have been opened in the side of the mountain. I send you the last official report of the state of the mountain, dated the 25th of February:—by which, amongst other reasons, I was induced to go over. "At 2 o'clock after midnight the crater made a similar noise to that of an earthquake; and several openings were formed of the depth of from twenty to twenty-two feet and of the width of twelve feet. Below the crater and towards Torre del Greco (near where Pompeii stands) a large opening was formed of the depth of fifty feet,—full of fire, which burst out to a height of sixty feet. Towards Bosco Reale a stream of lava issued from

the mountain,—passing near the wood of Priore di Ottaviano: in the midst of which a crater was formed,—from whence issued fire in the form of lightning, white, red, and black in colour, and in the form of circles the size of a large cart-wheel. The wells in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius are all dried up to the depth of fifteen feet." One remarkable feature in the report is this drying up of the wells: a circumstance which has usually been considered to portend a grand eruption. Visitors have consequently been flocking over this week to gaze on the burning mountain,—and perhaps my poor cicerone at Pompeii will come in for some of the benefits; for though an explosion may destroy some thousands of ducats, what matters it to him if he can earn a dish of macaroni by the fire?

Treasure Trove.

The following letter from an eminent northern archaeologist was written, our readers will perceive, before the writer had an opportunity of seeing the answer of Mr. Wilson, the joint-secretary to the Scottish Society of Antiquaries—as to the Scottish part of the subject—which appeared in our columns of the 24th ult. [p. 204]. We, nevertheless, print (in substance) the letter of M. Worsaae, for the purpose of again calling attention to the subject, and once more referring to Mr. Wilson's letter for a correction of the popular mistake as to the intentions of the Scottish Exchequer in respect of Treasure Trove. We have omitted portions of M. Worsaae's remarks, as rendered unnecessary by the new aspect of the subject communicated by Mr. Wilson.—

Copenhagen, Feb. 22.

Reading in the *Athenæum* the report of the meeting on the 2nd of February of the Archaeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, I saw that Mr. Dundas of Arniston had given an account of a discovery of a large collection of ornaments, found at Largo in Fife. As Mr. Dundas stated that in consequence of the nature of Scottish law regarding Treasure Trove, very valuable portions of this collection have been melted by silversmiths—and at this meeting a discussion ensued on the expediency of some more lenient enactment for treasure trove in North Britain,—I have thought it might perhaps in some way or other be useful to communicate to those of your readers who take an interest in the Archaeology of Britain a few remarks upon the most important subject.

When in the South of Scotland about two years ago, a man one day brought me a splendid golden arm-ring found to the north of Edinburgh—and perhaps on the very spot described by Mr. Dundas. It was of a spiral form, and so large that it had been twisted thrice around the arm. The ends were beautifully ornamented. In Denmark we have similar rings from the time of the Vikings; but in the museums which I visited in England, Scotland, and Ireland I did not see any one like it. Its value was about 50*l.* The man who brought the ring wanted me by all means to buy it, and offered to sell it for half the price—or even for less. I told him that I never should buy such a thing for less than its real value; but that in this case I was not entitled to buy at all, as it was against the laws of the country. To his remonstrance that nobody would speak about it when the ring was preserved at a foreign museum, and that if I did not buy it was going to be melted down—and so lost to archaeology—because the finder, who was a miserably poor man, then intended to sell it to some silversmith,—I answered that I would with pleasure write to the Keepers of the British Museum in London, and that probably in this way I might succeed in getting the poor finder, though perhaps a smaller, a legal remuneration. But already next day, when the man was to give me a definitive answer, the finder, who was afraid of the ring being detected by some government officer, had carried it away,—and a piece of antiquity which would have been an ornament to any museum in Europe was, I have no doubt, lost for ever.

In the discussion on this subject at the meeting of the Archaeological Institute, the example of the Government of Denmark was cited. On this point I beg leave to observe, that the government had the unlimited right of treasure trove; but the king by his own free will surrendered this right for the advantage, not of the *owners* of the soil, but of the *finders*

of the treasures. If the owners are themselves the finders, or if they employ their servants expressly in digging after such treasures, they of course get the remuneration. The law is, that they always get the full value—and even something more if the treasure found contains very rare objects, or if particular care has been taken to explore the localities and preserve the antiquities. But the law inflicts punishment if the treasures are not forwarded, through the government or immediately, to the Royal Museum at Copenhagen. That only the finders get the remuneration has proved of great practical use—and as the names of the finders and the amount of the payments given to them are regularly published in the newspapers, the Museum now gets very nearly the whole of the old treasures found throughout the country. I am, &c.

J. H. WORSAAE.

OUR WEEKLY GOSPI.

It is right that we should obviate a possible misapprehension which may arise from the terms used by our correspondent *Brevipen* when he speaks of having been "expended on the production of letter A" in the Catalogue of the British Museum. What *Brevipen* means to say is, that although 23,000*l.* have been already expended on the work, the public having as yet nothing more to show for their money than letter A. Before letter A could be printed, it is probable that a large portion of the titles for the whole Catalogue must have been prepared. The cost of this work is of course, not, then to be carried to the account of letter A—nor is 23,000*l.* to be multiplied by the letters of the alphabet to represent the ultimate cost of the whole Catalogue. All this we presume is obvious enough: but the terms used by our correspondent are not clear if it be not so—and it is proper to avoid the risk of misconception.

Government consented on Thursday last to the appointment of a select committee of inquiry into the best means of extending the establishment of the British Library and Museums freely open to the public. This is an important commission, and its proceedings will be watched with interest. The British Museum Library contains, it is stated, 52,000 duplicates.

The University of Cambridge having accepted, as our readers know, a fund raised by several Members of St. John's College for the purpose of founding a prize to be called the Adams Prize, for the best Essay on some subject of Pure Mathematics, Astronomy, or other branch of Natural Philosophy, the Prize to be given once in two years, and to be open to the competition of all persons who have at any time been admitted to a degree in that University,—the examiners have now given notice that the subject for the first Prize is,—"The Theory of the long inequality of Uranus and Neptune, depending on the near commensurability of their mean motions." The following directions accompany the notice:—

The candidates are required to carry the investigation to (at least) terms of the second order with respect to the eccentricities, and to calculate from the best data hitherto obtained by observation, the numerical values of the coefficients in the expressions for the variations of the elements of the orbits. The Problem will be considered to be solved in the most complete manner by taking account of terms of the third order of eccentricities, and calculating the effect of the more important terms involving the squares of the disturbing forces. Great importance will be attached by the Examiners to an elucidation, drawn from dynamical considerations, of any steps of the analytical processes; and more especially, to a clear exposition, apart from the symbolic reasoning, of the mode in which the forces produce the results arrived at. It is desired that the Essay may be prefaced by a statement of the course of the investigation and of the principal heads under which the subject is treated, with a summary of the results.

The successful candidate will receive about 130*l.* He is required to print the essay at his own expense, and to present a copy to the University Library, to the Library of St. John's College, and to each of the four Examiners.

Mr. Macaulay will, it is said, be installed as Lord Rector of the Glasgow University on Wednesday next. The *Glasgow Citizen* mentions that the Lord Provost has given notice in the Town Council of a motion that the freedom of the city be presented to Mr. Macaulay.

The Annual General Meeting of the friends and supporters of the Literary Fund took place on Wednesday last, at the Society's rooms in Great

Russell-street, Bloomsbury—the Rev. Dr. Russell presiding. The report showed that 1,420*l.* had during the past year been distributed in fifty grants for the relief of distressed authors, their widows, and orphans. The number of grants were twelve in excess of the previous year—and there had been an increase of 250*l.* on the amount distributed. The grants consisted of eight of 10*l.* each, four of 15*l.*, twelve of 20*l.*, six of 25*l.*, five of 30*l.* three of 40*l.*, seven of 50*l.*, three of 60*l.*, and two of 75*l.* The total amount distributed since the foundation of the institution was 36,540*l.* The Marquess of Lansdowne was re-elected president, and the following noblemen and gentlemen vice-presidents: the Archbishop of Dublin, the Marquesses of Northampton and Normanby, the Earls of Ripon, Ellenborough, Ellesmere, Arundel and Surrey; Lords J. Russell, Stanley, Arundel and Surrey; Sir R. Peel, Sir J. C. Hobhouse, Sir R. H. Inglis, Sir J. E. Swinburne, Sir W. Chatterton, Messrs. Hatton, Hope, Spottiswoode, and Cabbell. The Council were re-elected, with the addition of the Bishop of Durham and Lord Palmerston. The anniversary dinner is fixed to take place on the 16th of May; when Lord Hardinge will take the chair.

The Twelfth Annual Meeting of the members and subscribers to the Booksellers' Provident Institution was held at the Albion Tavern, in Aldersgate-street, on Thursday in last week:—Mr. Nisbet, the President, in the chair. The report for the year 1848 showed that during that period relief had been given to 7 retail booksellers, 14 booksellers' assistants, and 9 widows of persons of the two classes,—to the amount of 363*l.* 12*s.* Seven of the number are permanent annuitants. The total amount given in relief since the short period in which the directors have been empowered to grant such assistance amounts to upwards of 1,600*l.* The permanent fund of the Society now amounts to 17,532*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.* Though a larger amount has been expended in relief this year than in any former one, an addition has, nevertheless, been made to this fund: and the cash account shows a balance in the hands of the treasurer, as well as in the hands of the relief committee.

The Twenty-Second Annual Meeting of the members and donors of the Printers' Pension Society was held at the London Tavern on Monday last. The report, we are sorry to say, stated that the society had suffered from the political events of the past year. The annual subscription had fallen to 470*l.*—being less by 50*l.* than last year. Notwithstanding this reduction in the society's income, the committee have increased the pensions. There are now, with the addition of six elected at the meeting in question, fifty-six pensioners. Prince Albert had sent a donation of 25*l.*, and consented to become president. The funded property amounts to 5,209*l.*—producing 200*l.* per annum interest.

We have this week to record the death, on the 19th inst., of Mr. Anthony White, the late eminent surgeon. His professional abilities, which placed him on more than one occasion in the Presidentship of the College of Surgeons, would alone justify such a notice at our hands; but Mr. White possessed a higher claim to our regret in that active benevolence which led him at all times to place his skill at the service of men busied in the pursuit of science, literature, and the arts. "To them," to use the words of a contemporary, "not unfrequently his purse was as open as his hand in the hour of their distress."

A correspondent informs us that a testimonial has just been completed to the Rev. Dr. Duncan, the founder of savings banks in Scotland, by the erection of a new house for the Parish Bank in the town of Dumfries—to which has been given the title of "The Duncan Monument." A full-length statue of the Doctor, clad in the official costume of a Moderator of the General Assembly of the National Church of Scotland, fills a niche in the second story of a chastely ornamented facade.

In reference to our notice [ante, p. 226] of the new "Samaritan Society," a correspondent observes that the repetition of the same, or nearly similar, titles of charitable institutions is very inconvenient—and often detrimental to the one or the other. There already exists a "Samaritan Society" having different objects from those contemplated by the new institution: and our correspondent suggests that the

latter should therefore adopt another designation expressive of its purpose,—such as "The Refuge for the Homeless," "The Wanderer's Home," &c.

Germany, says the *Nautical Magazine*, is occupied just now with a gigantic project—the junction of the Baltic with the North Sea. The central power sent Capt. Moring to survey the ground; and he recommends that the line of communication be from the Port of Kiel to Brunsbuttel and Cuxhaven, at the northern and southern mouths of the Nile. The medium proposed is a canal without locks—the ground being flat and little raised above the level of the sea.

The National Printing Office of France has just published a work entitled "Chronology of the Kings of Egypt," by Lesueur. This is the first book in which the new hieroglyphic types of that establishment have been used at any length. They are said to be extremely delicate and beautiful,—very superior to anything put forth by the English or German presses.—The work is also the first bearing the new formula used under the Republic to distinguish a book printed at the cost of the Government. It may be known to some few persons peculiarly conversant with French literature, but is probably new to most of our readers, that the books which issue from the Royal (now the National) press bear on their title-page three different formulae. The words "Imprimerie Royale" at the bottom of the page denote that the work is an official one, printed by order of one of the public offices,—such as the Budget, the Tariff, the official reports on the administration of Justice or the government of Algiers, the Bulletin of the Laws, official statistics, &c. Other books bear the words "Imprimé par autorisation du Garde des Sceaux." These are the works of private individuals, and printed at their own expense,—in order to have them printed at the Royal Press they must obtain permission of the Minister of Justice, under whose authority the printing-office is. This is one of the few vestiges of an earlier state of things in France. The office formerly belonged to the king's private domain,—and hence to the department of the Garde des Sceaux, who was the king's official steward. Though all these things have long been altered, the Royal Press still remained attached to the department of the Minister of Justice. As a rule, it does not receive private printing work, because it does not wish to enter into competition with private printing-offices,—which already view it with no very friendly eye. Hence, a special permission is always necessary; and is never granted unless the petitioner can assign some good reason,—such as, that he wants oriental types which are nowhere else to be found, &c. But, indeed, the high charges afford a sufficient security that it will not be resorted to unless in cases of necessity; otherwise, its superiority is so incontestable that no printer could compete with it. Lastly, there is a third class of works which formerly bore on the title-page the formula "Imprimé par autorisation du Roi." These are works which were brought out wholly or partly at the cost of the Royal Press. The yearly profits of the establishment are estimated at 40,000 fr.; which sum is expended on the printing of scientific works. A commission composed of members of the Institute decide on the works to be printed. The principle is, that only scientific works such as from their very nature no publisher would undertake are to be printed. The complete corrected manuscript must be sent to the Minister of Justice,—who lays it before the Commission; the Commission appoints one of its members to report upon it,—and on this report it decides whether the Government shall take upon itself part of the expense of printing, and in what proportions. Government rarely undertakes the whole:—only as much as is necessary to render the publication of the work possible to the author or publisher. All works the printing of which is thus wholly or partially ordered by the Commission formerly bore the formula "Par autorisation du Roi,"—now exchanged for "Par autorisation du Gouvernement." This Commission is one of the most admirable literary institutions of France; and although it has sometimes shown favour to very inferior works, its decisions are generally fair,—and it does more for science with comparatively small means than the ministries with the much larger funds dedicated to subscriptions.

**BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL-MALL.**  
The Gallery for the Exhibition and sale of the Works of British Artists is OPEN daily, from Ten till Five. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s. **GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.**

**ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION.**—The Exhibition of Architectural Models, in the style of the Gothic and RENAISSANCE, is NOW OPEN to the Public, from Eight till Nine, at the NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, 33, Pall Mall. Admission Free.—on Saturdays, 1s. Catalogue, 6d. **R. C. DUDLEY** & **W. W. DEANE** { Hon. Secs.

**SOCIETY OF ARTS, JOHN STREET, ADEPHI, STRAND.**—THE THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF SELECT SPECIMENS OF RECENT BRITISH PAINTINGS NOW OPEN to the Public, from the hours Ten o'clock and Four till Nine, 6d. each person, or by a Ticket signed by a Member, except Saturday, when Tickets are not admissible, and is each person must be paid.

**BANVARD'S PANORAMA.—CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.**—The following has appeared in several late American papers:—  
"The public of London should be on their guard against a spurious copy of Banvard's great painting of the Mississippi river which has been got up by a set of scoundrels who have already painted for Europe with the intention of palming it off on the British public as the original."—**BANVARD'S ORIGINAL PAINTING** is exhibiting at the BANVARD'S, PICCADILLY, every Morning, from 10 to 12 o'clock. Evening, 6, Half-past 7, and Fridays, at One o'clock. **LECTURES** on the VENTILATING of Mines, &c. by means of the STEAM JET. A VIEW in the GOLD DISTRICT of CALIFORNIA is added to the NEW DISSOLVING VIEWS. **SCENES** from the **WATER** and **MOSES** explained, &c. The Music is directed by Dr. Webster.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-pence. The New Catalogue, 1s.

### SOCIETIES

**GEOLOGICAL.**—*March 7.*—Sir C. Lyell, President, in the chair.—E. T. Ranshaw, and H. T. Slack, Esqrs. were elected Fellows.—The following papers were read:—*'On some Fossiliferous Beds overlying the Red Crag, at Chillesford, near Orford, Suffolk,'* by J. Prestwich, Jun., Esq.; *'On the Position in which Fossil Shells occur in the Red Crag,'* by J. R. Thomson, Esq.

**ASIATIC.**—*March 3.*—Prof. H. H. Wilson in the chair.—J. Landseer, Esq. read a paper on the Assyrian Obelisk discovered by Mr. Layard among the ruins of Nineveh and now deposited in the British Museum. This obelisk is, as our readers know, formed of block of black stone, sculptured on the four sides with a series of bas-reliefs, and having a long inscription in the most complicated Assyrian cuneiform writing, which has not as yet been fully deciphered. The object of Mr. Landseer's paper was to determine, from certain astronomical considerations combined with the representations of the sun and a star sculptured on the upper compartments of the obelisk, a probable date at which we may reasonably conjecture the obelisk to have been made. Mr. Landseer is of opinion that the sculptured star represents Aldebaran; and in the upper compartment, where the star is on the left side of the sun and just about to be merged in its rays, he sees the heliacal rising of Aldebaran, which took place at the commencement of the Sabaean year, the civil year of the Assyrian astronomers. He observed that the Assyrian year commenced at the equinoxes,—and that at a period of 2,400 years B.C. the sun entered the sign Taurus at the vernal equinox: and, in fact, the sun in the sculpture is surmounted by a figure supposed to represent the sign of the Balance. Now, at a subsequent period in the history of Assyria we find that Aldebaran was discontinued on the sculptures of that nation, and that the Pleiades took its place; and on astronomical grounds Mr. Landseer shows that the change occurred somewhere about the year 1320 B.C.,—and consequently that the Nimroud obelisk was made in the interval between the two dates mentioned.—In the second compartment of the obelisk the star is sculptured on the right side of the sun and at some distance from its rays. In this compartment Aldebaran no longer rises heliacally,—the tropic having removed a short distance from it, yet not so far as for the sun to rise with the Pleiades: and this would argue an elapsed space of two or three centuries from the year 2400 B.C. above adverted to. Reasoning from these hypotheses, Mr. Landseer thinks it may be set down at least very probable that the obelisk was formed at the command of Ninus himself,—who he believes ascended the throne of Nineveh between 2100 and 2200 B.C. He entered into some details relative to

the few historical data remaining of those remote times; and pointed out on a cast of the obelisk some of those minute points of costume which were likely to corroborate the results of his investigations.

**ARCHEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.**—*March 2.*—Sir J. P. Boileau, Bart., V.P., in the chair.—Amongst objects exhibited not the least interesting were some full-size tracings of the remarkable mural paintings recently laid bare in Broughton Church, near Newport Pagnell. These frescoes, which appear to have been originally executed about the reign of Henry the Sixth, probably have reference to some monkish legend; for in no other way can the extraordinary and heretical design represented by one of them be accounted for.—Mr. Hawkins exhibited a curiously formed bell,—one of a set which is used in the parish of Congleton, in Cheshire, in ringing what are called the "chains" on the eve of the day of the annual wake or fair. This custom is stated to be connected with a dedication similar to that of "St. Peter in Vinculis" in Rome; but the local tradition is somewhat vague.—A paper was read from Mr. Faulkner, endeavouring to account for the traditional appellation acquired by the village in which he resided, of "Drunken Deddington where the people sold the bells to buy gin," by the production of two proclamations of Charles the First calling upon the parish and its inhabitants to deliver up their church bells to his commissioners of artillery to be converted into munitions of war. Mr. Faulkner, however, insinuated that the well-known thirsty propensities of the cavaliers of the King's army caused a different appropriation to be made of the metal: and that hence arose the opprobrious epithet invariably bestowed upon this village by the surrounding hamlets.—Mr. Yates communicated the discovery of a Roman sepulchre at Gelston; and in an elaborate paper detailed the circumstances under which this ancient relic was brought to light.—A paper was read, from Mr. Moore, illustrative of the singular tenure of the manor of Broughton in Lincolnshire:—which was held in consideration of the owner thereof causing a whip to be shaken over the officiating clergyman during the performance of divine service in the parish church on Palm Sunday. This curious custom has only lately been discontinued; and the last of these "Gad whips," with the purse and rods attached, has been presented to the Institute.—Mr. Nesbitt presented casts from an ancient Norman font of lead in the parish church of Brookland in Romney Marsh, on the sides of which are stamped the twelve signs of the zodiac and the occupations followed in the different months which they represent.—Sir J. Boileau called attention to a small but beautiful piece of Roman sculpture recently found by him in Norfolk, representing the head of Diana or Apollo:—and the sword of Bayard, *le chevalier preux, sans peur et sans reproche*, of which Sir John is the possessor, was also exhibited by him, together with several other curiosities.—Mr. Westwood exhibited some rubbings and an inscription on an ancient cross found near Valley Crucis Abbey in Wales: and various drawings of other sepulchral crosses, having symbols sculptured on them, were shown by Mr. C. E. Long from Graystone, Mr. Fairless from Hexham, and Mr. Chantrell from Leeds.—Communications were read from the Rev. J. Stacey, with sketches of some singular windows in the chancel of the church of Barnby in the Willows,—and from Mr. Kent relative to some antiquities in Cornwall.—Mr. Webb exhibited a figure of St. Cecilia, of gilt bronze, of the latter part of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century. It was placed under a canopy of similar material, but the work of a later period; the design bearing a strong resemblance to the architecture of the Baptistry at Piacenza.—Numerous other antiquities were submitted by the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, Mr. Chichester, Mr. Tucker, Mr. Way, Mr. Pollard, Mr. Lane, &c.

### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

**Mon.** Statistical, 8, p.m.  
— British Architects, 8.  
— Pathological, half-past 7.—Council.  
— Chemical, 8.  
— Royal Academy, 8.—Sculpture.  
**Tues.** Linnean, 8.  
— Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—Mr. E. Highton 'On Electric Telegraphs.'  
— Royal Institution, 3.—Dr. Carpenter 'On Palaeontology.'  
**Wed.** Geological, half-past 8.  
— College of Physicians, 4.—Materia Medica.

**Thurs.** Antiquaries, 8.  
— Numismatic, 7.  
— Royal Society of Literature, 4.  
— Royal, half-past 8.  
— Royal Society of Medicine, 3.—Dr. Gull 'On Physiology of Digestion and the Nebular Theory.'  
— Philological, 8.  
— College of Physicians, 4.—Materia Medica.  
**Fri.** Royal Institution, half-past 8.—Rev. Prof. Baden Powell 'On Chemical Philosophy.'

### FINE ARTS

#### THE EXHIBITION OF RECENT BRITISH MANUFACTURES AT THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.

On the evening of the 7th inst. we attended the private view of by far the most promising collection of objects of home production it has yet been our good fortune to encounter in any Art Exhibition. It was no mean judge of human nature who originally pronounced England to be "a nation of shopkeepers,"—and we flatter ourselves there are very few good citizens in this great focus of centralization to whom the subjects of commercial prosperity and manufacturing activity are not objects of absorbing importance. Next to a perusal of the advertising sheets of the *Times*, we can scarcely imagine any spectacle better calculated to impress an American or indeed any foreigner, with admiration at the extraordinary energy and enterprise of the British character than view of the line of shops, and their contents, extending from Hyde Park Corner to the extreme east. While he would return from such an expedition with his mind oppressed with a sense of the rich and varied collection of articles framed to minister to the wants of a people living in the highest state of creature comfort and artificial civilization, he would, we much fear, learn also from it that the condition of the arts in this great city is as artificial as its social atmosphere,—and that the pure goddess of Beauty receives tribute from the citizens in an exactly opposite amount and ratio to that paid to the presiding deity Avarice.

To war against such a state of things has long been an object of interest to the few:—of late years it has become so to the many, and it is in the Society of Arts that that few has found a rallying point, that many a voice and exponent. A few years ago this enterprising body had the greatest difficulty to persuade manufacturers to contribute to their Exhibitions—members and council to approve the movement. Old and cautious wiscraces shook their heads mysteriously at the going on—young ones said it was capital fun, but "all fudge." Now the picture is reversed:—more manufactures are forwarded than can be exhibited,—members and council are unanimous, and because unanimous act,—old members admire and hope,—young ones stir and agitate; and the result of all this is, that rational principles are beginning to be disseminated on the subject of manufactures, and there is every reason to believe that we shall soon as far surpass our continental rivals in excellence of design as we already have in perfection of material and process of production.

Now, we do not for one moment suppose that this approaching revolution might not have been effected independently of the existence of this Society,—since we well know that popular opinion once gathered to a head carries everything before it with impetuosity: but this we may fairly assert, that it has mainly assisted in concentrating and guiding popular action to specific ends, and has thus reduced what might have been the work of many years to the comparatively short term of three or four.

The main particular in which this Exhibition so far surpasses its predecessors is in the principle of selection that characterizes it. While there is much more that is beautiful there is infinitely less that is bad. Yet what there is of poor design is soretched by the side of the beauty, as to clearly demonstrate that the fault does not rest on the head of the artists and manufacturers who have contrived to produce so many and such graceful works of Art,—but on that of the public who will still continue to cling to deformity if sanctioned by precedent, and would probably buy the most hideous silk that imagination can conceive if made for a special drawing-room or grand Spitalfields ball.

The principal features of novelty that we noticed in the arrangements were the removal of all the old properties which encumbered the lower room, and the fact of its having been fitted up as an additional

saloon—the exhibition of a series of most beautiful specimens of workmanship in the precious metals—the introduction of silks and textile fabrics,—and above all, by the addition of many new exhibitors—an acquisition of the power to institute comparisons and excite emulation between the various manufacturers.

As Royalty itself has deigned to honour this Exposition—not by that lofty patronage alone which is too distant to convey either light or warmth, but by actually entering into the ranks as both exhibitor and designer,—we feel in duty bound to give precedence to No. 1, 'A Gilt Centre Piece,' executed by command of Her Majesty, from a design by His Royal Highness the Prince Albert, lent for exhibition by her most gracious Majesty. On the lower compartment are 'portraits of the favourite dogs belonging to Her Majesty, modelled by E. Cotterell, and manufactured by Garrard & Co.' Of course, it is impossible to ascertain whether all, or what part, of this composition may emanate from the illustrious artist. If he only gave the general direction, then it can scarcely be called his "design,"—since in such matters, the executant must remain the real designer: if, on the other hand, he really arranged, drew, or modelled the whole, or the greater part, he must be content to abide by those discrepancies which are here and there manifest in the arrangement. We speak thus coldly on the subject because we cannot but trace so great a difference between the excellence of the upper and lower portions that we can scarcely imagine the same mind to have conceived them. The vase and the upper portion of the pedestal is exquisite; while the forms beneath are ill-balanced and ill-arranged,—terraces on platforms, heavy dumpy pedestals supporting nothing, and coats of arms sticking just where fate happened to throw them.

There is one work in this room which tells a very different tale. In the 'Bronze Shield of Æneas'—designed, modelled, and left incomplete at the artist's death, one hand and one arm are stamped indelibly; and the sad epitaph of poor Pitts is indeed nobly and loftily written throughout by his own hand. His years of suffering and his melancholy fate remind us of one point in which we do not think society in general and this society in particular has shown an altogether healthy disposition:—there does not seem to be that general inclination to elevate the designer and educated mechanic to that more independent and consequently self-respecting condition in the social scale to which he is justly entitled. Give to the manufacturer the gain which is his object, and concede to him the praise for energy and enterprise which is his due,—but help, comfort, cherish those sons of genius whose life is labour and whose death is too often want and disappointment.

Among the many beautiful objects exhibited—to dwell on which particularly would occupy too much of our limited space—we noticed with great pleasure the bronzes of Mr. Hatfield, the exquisitely dyed and woven silks of Messrs. Walters, the admirable racing plate made by Messrs. Hunt, Roskill, and Garrard, the carpets of Messrs. Watson and Bell, the glass of Messrs. Oster, Richardson, and Pellatt, and the greatly improved castings of the Coalbrookdale Iron Company. Among the designs submitted in competition to the Society are many of considerable beauty, and the preparation of which must have involved great sacrifice of time and labour. We have heard much complaint touching the adjudication, non-adjudication, and reduction of these premiums. Would it not be more considerate towards the younger members of the community if the Society were to diminish their promise and increase their performance?

We cannot bring ourselves to admire thoroughly either the paper hangings or the amateur wood carving exhibited this year.—Perhaps the former particularly may be improved in 1851.

It is truly a subject of congratulation to find the Council holding out hopes of their power to induce Her Majesty's Ministers to consent to the first of a series of grand national quinquennial Industrial Exhibitions being held in 1851. If the Society of Arts attain this object, and had it already gained to other, it would be sufficiently entitled to our admiration and our gratitude.

#### ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION.

WHATEVER be the result of the present experiment, the attempt to establish an annual Exposition consisting exclusively of architectural designs and models merits countenance and encouragement from the profession and from the public. The very inadequate provision made at the Royal Academy for exhibiting productions of that branch of Art has been frequently complained of on the one hand,—and on the other, many would rejoice at the exclusion of architectural drawings altogether. The Academy shows plainly enough that it would willingly dispense with architecture; let us hope, therefore, that architect and architect will ere long show that they in turn can dispense with the Royal Academy. In the mean time it is something to have made a beginning; and it is something also that the Association themselves seem to be quite aware of the peculiar difficulties attending their novel undertaking. Not the least obstacle in the way of success is, at present, it is to be apprehended, the want of a sufficiently numerous public. The general public are as yet hardly ripe for the subject—either capable of feeling or caring to affect any interest in architecture. But perhaps the most formidable impediment of all—the circumstance likely to excite sneering prejudice against the attempt itself—is its having originated with a junior society, of whose existence the public have scarcely heard. It altogether lacks the prestige attending on either conspicuous position or "distinguished patronage." Patronage—or what is so called—it might forego without much loss, except that the mere name of the thing operates with the many as a very serviceable piece of "humbug"; but not patronage only but sympathy seems to be wanting to the success of the present scheme. In the very quarter where sympathy might have been looked for on the part of the profession generally—the absence of it is unmistakably displayed. Instead of receiving cordial support, or any support at all, from the body of their professional brethren, the Association have been left all but entirely to their own power and resources. A few exceptions, indeed, there are; and among the exhibitors there are even one or two members of the Institute. But that body, we fancy, is a body anything but favourably disposed towards the present scheme, notwithstanding that it has for its object the bringing architecture and architectural study more into the immediate notice of the public. Very probably the Institute feels it to be an oblique reproach upon themselves that they should have left to a junior and comparatively obscure society what they themselves could, no doubt, have undertaken and carried out more efficiently if only because their mere title would have bribed public opinion in their favour. We have even heard that one at least of its members has gone so far as to express his hope that the present attempt would prove a decided failure.

Whether it will do so remains to be seen. Much will depend upon perseverance and the resolution not to be discouraged; for if this first Exhibition were to decide the matter, we should have very strong misgivings. The Association themselves appear to have relied too much upon receiving aid from without. Of their own productions many bear the stamp, not of freshness of feeling, but of decided juvenility in Art. There is too much of the raw 'prentice hand—or what is worse, of the raw and untutored 'prentice mind—in them. For their own sakes, for the credit of their Exhibition and the success of their scheme, they ought to have been more severe, and therefore more just towards themselves. They have not scrupled to hang up things that are utterly devoid of the slightest merit of any kind,—some of which are so decidedly bad that the ideas and taste displayed in them are to be deprecated altogether. The line as to admissibility ought to be drawn somewhere,—so as to give a higher tone to the general collection; for what does not help an Exhibition becomes positively detrimental to it. It is absurd to say that what is positively bad or feeble may be overlooked;—the very purpose of an Exhibition being that things should be looked at. These remarks will, of course, be deemed somewhat ungracious and discouraging; but they are made in no unfriendly spirit. They are dictated by a sincere desire to perceive in future more earnestness of endeavour on the part of the Association. What they have engaged in is no light affair the success of which may be left to chance

and settled accordingly as the public may be in the humour or not to second it.

We shall perhaps enter into a notice of some of the designs hereafter:—for the present, the record of the general impression made upon us by the Exhibition must suffice.

**FINE-ART GOSSIP.**—Our readers know that some time since the Council of the Art-Union of London offered the sum of 100*l.* for an original bas-relief in plaster, on certain specified conditions,—to be afterwards engraved for distribution to its subscribers in addition to the "Sabrina." The number of competing works sent in was twenty-five; and the prize has been adjudged to Mr. John Hancock for his representation of "Christ entering Jerusalem riding on the Ass." We have not seen Mr. Hancock's work; but are told that it is one of great merit—and well deserving of any distinction that could be properly bestowed on it. But we are assured that it is anything but a bas-relief. It is, if we be rightly informed in the very highest relief—*and a bas-relief could have no chance in competition with it for effect.* This permitted departure from the limitations originally prescribed is not fair to the other competitors; who probably would have wrought under other conditions had they not supposed them inadmissible—above all had they known that they would be admitted against them. We have again and again called attention to the very questionable character of these competitions under any circumstances; since in the case of twenty-five candidates, for instance, exactly five and twenty times the work is done that is intended to be paid for,—and the lost time and anxieties of four and twenty artists go to enhance the triumph of one. To the recklessness which summons this amount of exertion into play for its own single object there should not be added any recklessness in the arrangement of the terms. The candidates should at least know the whole amount of what they do risk. They have a right to be judged on none other than the prescribed conditions to which they conformed. Otherwise, that which is a game at best is like playing against loaded dice. No merit of a work of Art can justly take it out of a rule which has been a law to the labours of others, its rivals.—The Council decided that in consequence of the merit of another work, "The Death of Boadicea," its author, Mr. Henry Hugh Armitstead, should be applied to for its purchase for the use of the Society.

Burford's Panorama of Switzerland, taken from the summit of Mount Righi, will well repay a visit from those who love Nature in all her varieties. Hill, dale, lake and plain are exhibited to perfection,—and it is not too much to say that Mr. Burford has in this picture surpassed all his former doings. Portions of the Panorama lead us to desire that the same talents had been employed on canvas in separate scenes:—the feeling for atmospheric effect and distance assures us that the artist would have succeeded. We have rarely seen a picture in which such extent of distance was ever before so triumphantly expressed. The *culm* of Mount Righi was a well chosen spot from which to comprehend such an extent and variety of view; and the rich and fertile cantons, with no less than seventeen lakes exhibited, have served to make a most interesting subject in the hands of Mr. Burford and his able coadjutor, Mr. Selous.

The first part of the Stowe sale of engraved British portraits terminated on Wednesday last. The prices were good to the last. The large emblematical engraving, by Faithorne, of "Oliver Cromwell" in armour (a full-length, and rare but not a pleasing print) brought 24*l.*; the three-quarter portrait, by Faithorne, of "Catherine, Queen of Charles II." in a wig and hoop (very fine) sold for 16*l.*; the rare portrait of the same queen, by Hollar, (poorly engraved) brought 9*l.* 9*s.*; the fine Faithorne, "Barbara, Countess of Castlemaine," brought 33*l.*, the highest priced engraving in the sale; the "Duchess of Portsmouth," by S. Baudet, after H. Gascar, sold for 31*l.* 15*s.*; and the "Nell Gwynn reclining on a bed of roses, her children as cupids withdrawing a curtain," for 8*l.* 8*s.* The total produce of the first portion was 2,359*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* The second and concluding part of the sale contains, we observe, some very fine Sir Joshuas—and a good collection of the

works of John Smith, the excellent old mezzotinto engraver.

We learn with pleasure that Lord John Russell has appointed a son of the late unfortunate artist Mr. Haydon to a clerkship in the Treasury.

Mr. Peto the member for Norwich has, we understand, just given two commissions of five hundred guineas each to Mr. John Cross the painter of the celebrated picture of Richard Cour de Lion—for two pictures of large dimensions, the subjects to be derived from English history. Mr. Peto has, we learn, also commissioned Mr. Maclise to paint him a large and chivalric composition from English history. This speaks well for the taste and discrimination of the patron.

A correspondent has called our attention to a specimen of churchwarden's art which he says may be seen over the water—on the fine old church of St. Mary Overie (St. Saviour's). "The south transept," he says, "has a pinnacle at each corner surmounting the buttress:—one of which it had become necessary to repair. This feat has been accomplished by about one-third being sliced off and a flat stone, with projecting edge being placed on it—giving it the appearance of a basin turned upside down, or a flat-bottomed extinguisher."—The flat stone is in all probability only a temporary arrangement.

The *Art-Journal* says that a superb colossal statue of Sesostris, in red granite entirely covered with hieroglyphics, has just been received at the Egyptian Museum recently constructed on the ground-floor of the Colonnade of the Louvre.

The *Brussels Herald* says that the commission entrusted with the restoration of Rubens's pictures at Antwerp was duly installed a few days since by the governor of that province. Its special mission is to draw up a statement of the works to be executed, to make an estimate thereof, to propose the person to whom the delicate task of restoring the two pictures *The Crucifixion* and *The Descent from the Cross* is to be confided, and to superintend the execution. A convenient studio has already been arranged in the church; and the two pictures will shortly be conveyed thither, first to be examined, and then to be restored.

A meeting of subscribers to the fund for the restoration of the Norman Tower at Bury St. Edmunds was recently held in that town to receive the report of the committee on concluding their labours. The length of time which has elapsed, say they, since the task was committed to their hands is no fault of theirs:—they proceeded as fast as the funds could be obtained and the various difficulties in the way removed. The committee recall the state of the tower before their labours commenced, to contrast it for the satisfaction of the subscribers with its renovated condition.—

"Hemmed in [they say] as it then was between two houses hiding a considerable part of its finest architectural features, and even trenching upon its masonry; split from top to bottom, through its core, on every side; its ashlars loose and crumbling in all directions; its arches sunk and crippled; its mouldings and ornamental work in disorder; its foundations undermined and eaten away by the soil which had been heaped around it; and its windows stopped up by a load of masonry calculated to accelerate its progress in ruin—the contrast which it now exhibits is such as the committee, and they trust all who are interested in the work, also feel to be an ample repayment for the trouble and outlay which have been incurred."

The following is their account of the work done.—

"The foundations have been secured by a solid bed of concrete; the fissures have all been soundly grouted up; every loose or defective stone of the ashlars and mouldings has been repaired or reset; the great arch on the east side, with the superincumbent masonry to the first tier of windows, was removed and reinstated, to the admiration of every judge of such an undertaking; and the parapet and some feet of the walls below it were entirely rebuilt. A new roof of great strength and improved form has been put on; the decayed floors and timbers have been replaced by new ones; the upper one at the expense of the parishioners, in addition to their grant of 800*l.* out of the rates. The intruded masonry and unsightly boards in the windows have given place to louvres and lattices of Norman pattern in bronzed iron; and lastly, the chain ties, by which the whole fabric is bound together at four different heights, have given to the tower a strength probably not inferior to that which it possessed at its first erection."

The cost has been about 3,400*l.* towards which a sum of about 2,000*l.* was reported as still wanting—a fourth of which was subscribed in the room before the meeting broke up.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, MR. GOSWELL. On FRIDAY, March 10, will be performed Mendelssohn's 'HYMN OF PRAISE' (Iohesang) and Music to Racine's 'ATHALIE.' Principal Vocal Performers, Misses A. and M. Williams, Mrs. Noble, and Mr. Lockey. The Orchestra will consist of nearly Seven Hundred Performers.—TICKETS, 3*s.* : Reserved for the press, 1*s.* : Each ticket, 1*s.* : Each, may be had of the principal Musicians; at the Office of the SOCIETY, No. 6, Exeter Hall, or of Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing Cross.

THOMAS BREWER, Hon. Sec. Handel's 'Messiah' will be performed on Wednesday, April 4th. Tickets for both Performances are now ready.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

CIRQUE NATIONAL DE PARIS.—LAST WEEK but ONE.—EXTRAORDINARY FEATS OF HORSEMANSHIP, supported by the following talented Artists: in addition to other accompanimented Performers, EVELYN ELLIOTT, who will exhibit his celebrated 'Horse and Grizzly' Feats of Horsemanship, by Mademoiselle CAROLINE CLARKE, Mathilde AMAGLIA, Palmyre ANASTA, DUCOS, &c. &c.; M. M. LOISSET SEN., NIEF, NEWSOME, young LOISSET, CANDLER, WEHL, &c. &c.—The Entertainments will be accompanied by the Eccentricities of M. AURIO, LECLAIR, young LOUIS, and M. LAMMIE.—Commence at Eight o'clock.

GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCES EVERY WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY: commence at Two o'clock.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Mendelssohn's 'Athalie.'

Having in two preceding numbers adverted to the origin and sketched the musical form taken by Dr. Mendelssohn's setting of the lyrics in 'Athalie,' we must speak of such effects as were developed in the concert-performance of the same on Monday evening. There can be little doubt that the Philharmonic band and chorus gave to the work a power, a grandeur, and a lustre attainable within "the golden O" of no court theatre whatsoever—unless one could dream of the Teatro San Carlo of Naples being given up to lyrical tragedy. But it is equally true that the absence of pauses and of introductory matter feebly represented by a skeleton analysis—the inevitable excision of the melo-dramatic music—the non-existence of scenic means and appliances, operate disadvantageously on the effect. This is especially felt in the case of our Philharmonic audience, which is singularly—we may say pragmatically—unwilling to quit the old accustomed road of its predilections. The work was attentively heard and carefully followed, but meagrely applauded. That it will grow in favour we dare predict, in spite of the incompleteness in which it must be presented.—As regards ourselves, for the clearness and spirit of the music we were prepared—to the admirable construction, science, and imagination which it reveals we have endeavoured to do justice; but no perusal had enabled us to represent to ourselves the remarkable massiveness of its effects. The pomp and glory of the Temple are there,—the prayer and praise of that peculiar people whose fathers were led out of bondage by the Most High himself in the cloud and in the fire. Such impressions, we know, do not intrinsically reside in any musical composition whatsoever. They are largely brought to it by the hearer: and in proportion as he possesses a quick and poetical temperament he is apt to find in genius more than genius has to yield. But,—allowing for every temptation to rhapsodize—to the dreamer how delicious, to the critic how dangerous!—there will still be detected in this 'Athalie' music a peculiar colour, resembling that of no Catholic Service—of no Protestant Oratorio with which the world is acquainted. The overture comes out most brilliantly when performed; its principal melody when divided among and coloured by the instruments loses that far-fetched air which in perusal is so striking. Too much can hardly be said in praise of the excitement produced by the

\* A reminder of the wisdom of caution presents itself in this very case; the "silver side of the shield" having been seen by a contemporary, who, in a careful analysis of 'Athalie,' questions its Israelitish tone because of the use made of the *corale*. This, however, is overstated in amount; while the writer, short-sightedly enough, assumes that form of melody or chant to be Lutheran. So far from this, all sacred music has originally been rhythmical. Neither has any cred any exclusive property in rhythm or melody. Luther methodized Papistical hymns, which in their turn had been suggested by chant Gregorian or Ambrosian; while those Church Modes (however ill the Medizivists like to hear the fact) if they have any tradition, own a Pagan parentage. We object, in spite of Sebastian Bach's example to a large employment of the *corale* in Oratorio,—since there it seems to us a confounding of that which is directly and ritually devotional with that which is narrative and descriptive. Here, where the forms and incidents of religious worship are perpetually recalled in a drama the scene of which is the Temple, the introduction of service-music seems to us not only warrantable but inevitable. These choruses *must* in places partake of the nature of a hymn, or else the spirit of the scene would be utterly contradicted.

winding-up of its *allegro molto* (which was generally, perhaps, taken a pulsation too slowly) and also of its final *andante maestoso*; further the effect of having as forming a part of the orchestra must be noted, as taken by the Misses Williams and Mrs. Noble and administered in division and combination struck anew on Monday evening.—The grand choral unisons 'They, Lord, who scoff at Thee' (in the second interlude), are even more imposing when given by choir and band than we had anticipated.—For the exquisite loveliness of the *terzetto* closing the third division of the work we were prepared.—By the March we were somewhat disappointed; since it is scored with a richness which produces a certain heaviness, not to say monotony, rarely found in Mendelssohn's music. On the other hand, at the close of the fourth interlude the chant of *sopranis* and *altis*, interrupted by the trumpets, produces a dramatic effect of the very highest order.—Since we write for those who may have read our former notices, we may dispense with further specification.

The highest praise is due to Monday's performance. A chorus having adequate power to cope with the Philharmonic band is apt to sound somewhat coarse in the Hanover Square Rooms; but this inevitable proclivity allowed for, nothing could be surer or more highly finished. Though familiarity, which brings with it comprehension, will bring with it increase of admiration to the listener, will hardly bring greater steadiness and sensitiveness to players or singers. We must emphatically commend Miss A. Williams for the expression, power and spirit with which she gave her share of the music:—an English performance more thorough, complete, not to say masterly, does not come within our experience. What an advance is this upon the old average *first performance* with which even London audiences were wont to be contented!

We have little need to speak of the rest of the concert;—nor does much remain to be said of the *Sinfonia Eroica* and the 'Oberon' Overture. If Sainton played Spohr's Violin Concerto No. 9 capitally. It is a pleasure to meet this artist; since obviously *will*—and accordingly does—improve both as a reader and as a mechanist from year to year. The concert-room was very full:—the subscription we are told, being larger than it was in 1848.

MR. LUCAS'S MUSICAL EVENINGS.—The novelty at the first of these was Mayseder's Quartett No. 5, to which we must confine our notice. Strange work is somewhat cruelly judged and coyly welcomed in liberal London: and many may wonder at our interest in this particular specimen. We know that Mayseder is not as scientific or genially fresh as Haydn—nor as attractively original as Beethoven—nor as admirably new-and-old-in-one as Mendelssohn; but not merely for variety's sake, for the composer's sake also, was his fifth Quartett welcome. Mayseder's ideas have a cast of their own. He can be grand and also graceful—can exhibit novel fancies in rhythm and felicitous effects in accompaniment. Sometimes chargeable with levity, he is rarely blameable with languor. His fault is a certain patchiness and its consequence in the conduct of his compositions. The *wendo* of this fifth Quartett, for instance, opens magnificently—but its second subject has almost the trip of an *air de ballet*, the introduction of which is felt as an intrusion. Now, seeing that our friends the chamber-musicians show such timidity in going the round of the works of classical writers like Onslow, Spohr, and Ries (some by the last author treading close on the excellence of Beethoven), we must express our gratitude for this more showy variety, in the hope of encouraging them further to experimentalize. The Quartett was very brilliantly led by Mr. Blagrove. Miss Kate Loder was the pianist of the evening.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—New, we can assert, did opera season in England open so brilliantly as our present one, in right of 'Massenbach' produced at Covent Garden. Till the evening before last, this opera had never been fairly given in England, because its fair production implies conditions which we have only recently been able to meet. It is intrinsically almost as much a *ballet* as an *opera*—the principal female character is a mime—the dances are of unusual importance,—the choruses

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effect of harp  
to be noted at  
the vocal parts  
(Noble) an  
opera struck at  
choral unison  
second inter-  
vened by choral  
and the exquisi-  
tive division  
of march we were  
scored with a  
series, not to  
sohn's music  
fourth inter-  
rupted by  
act of the very  
one who may  
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ay's perfor-  
power to copy  
sound some  
Roma; but  
nothing could  
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ession, power  
share of the  
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come with  
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that even Long-  
demand numerical strength and spirited action—the  
orchestra must be rarely brilliant—the *prima donna*  
must possess great executive power—albeit, her part  
is a thoroughly ungacious one—while the *primo tenore* is not put to such occupation as Italian tenors  
love, the music allotted to him being mainly couplets  
with a romance and one heroic duett. Lastly, the  
opera demands costly scenery, machinery and cos-  
tumes. The above are difficulties and indispensables  
little counted or considered by the public; but such  
as till now we have not been "in funds" to provide  
for in England. They are, for the first time, made  
of no managerial account by the luxury of liberality  
with which the opera has been mounted; and by the  
admirable musical discipline of the theatre, which is  
now, we apprehend, unparalleled in Europe. On  
Thursday, the *solo* singers may have been all more  
or less fatigued; but firmer and riper execution of  
the music is impossible. Signor Mario is assuredly  
the best *Mussaniello* since Nourrit; and his mell-  
ious voice, clear of the "brilliant Frenchman's"  
mosity, enables him to throw into certain portions  
of the opera a charm which we have never enjoyed  
in them before. Though he was tired by rehearsal,  
and possibly by his amazing brilliancy in the duett of  
the second act,—his romance by *Fenella* sleeping was  
deliciously said. Madame Dorus-Gras is careful and  
brilliant as *Elvira*—but even Madame Cinti could  
not make the character interesting: grand operatic  
genus (and we may add grand operatic concerted  
music) being precisely the thing which M. Aubert  
seems unable to produce. Signor Mei sings better in  
time than he did last year, and is very competent as  
the coward-lover *Alfonso*. M. Massol remains to be  
probably the best *Pietro* on the stage since the  
original one—M. Massol.—*Borella* belongs to M.  
Romilly, a portly gentleman who acts with due  
animation. Last, but not least, comes the *Fenella*.

The rest of the said of the  
No. 9. case  
list; since  
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year to year  
subscription  
1848.

Mme. Pauline Leroux, who in pantomime remains  
unpassed on the stage — save by Mlle. Fanny Elmer. The dresses are gorgeous, their colours being  
grouped excellently (a matter only beginning to be  
understood in England); — the scenery is in the best  
manner of Messrs. Grieve and Telbin — and there is  
an eruption of Vesuvius which in times past would  
have been placarded all over London in letters half  
as high and quite as red as the Burning Mountain! —  
The overture was *encored*: so also was the *Tarantella*.

The novel  
rett No. 5.  
Strange wa  
welcomed  
that our inter  
that Mayday  
Haydn—  
as admirably  
not merely  
in the market scene,—and the unaccompanied prayer  
for the chorus. In short, more magnificently the  
opera could not have been given,—nor more cordially  
received by a house crammed full. Since this com-  
pleteness of execution installs 'Massaniello' in the  
state and bravery of a new work, we may possibly  
speak to a point or two calling for musical remarks  
at a future day:—the present notice merely chroni-  
cling it well-merited success.

**HAYMARKET.**—Last Saturday, Mr. Jerrold's drama of 'The Rent Day' was revived; *Martin Heywood* being acted by Mr. James Wallack, and his wife *Lark* by Mrs. Keeley. Wilkie's picture on which the piece is founded was scenically represented as a kind of prologue to the performance. The part of Heywood on the original production of this clever play was supported by Mr. Wallack; and as a melodramatic example of acting it certainly merits the celebrity which it acquired. The dialogue has little of the wit which distinguishes Mr. Jerrold's works; but the situations are highly pathetic—even painful—telling perhaps too powerfully on the domestic sympathies. The dramatic persons are effective, and were well embodied. *Old Crumbs* found an excellent representative in Mr. Rogers:—as *Silver Jack* did in Mr. Wigan. Mrs. Keeley's *Rachel* was, as

ual with this actress, a finished portrait. On Monday, the management attempted a rectification of the incongruities in the cast of 'Othello.' Mr. Charles Kean undertook the *Moor*—Mr. Wallack a *ducent*—Mrs. Kean, *Desdemona*—and Miss Addin, *Emilia*. This arrangement is an amendment of the cast,—but still far from satisfactory. Mr. Wallack's *Iago*, though better than his *Othello*, is far from being good. It lacks intensity of purpose; the suavity that suits this actor belongs rather to *Cassio*—which part should be forthwith transferred from Mr. Creswick to himself. Mr. Kean's *Othello* was always a respectable piece of acting; reminding us occasionally of his father's in its mechanism, though falling im-

measurably short of that in its spirit. It is now improved; Mr. Kean having parted with many of the stage-tricks on which he formerly relied. Yet as a whole the performance is uneven. It lacks continuity, because not constantly inspired. Never great, it is sometimes striking, but too frequently it is flat and conventional. In a word, it is rather a sensible reading than a fine example of histrionic genius.

The tragedy was succeeded by a new farce from the pen of Mr. Stirling Coyne, called "Separate Maintenance,"—in one act. The machinery is very simple. *Mr. Pennipother* (Mr. Keeley) and *Mrs. Pennipother* (Mrs. Keeley) live in a state of perpetual contradiction. After endeavouring in vain to accommodate matters, they determine upon "separate maintenance" under the same roof; dividing the principal room in half by means of a seam in the carpet. On either side of this boundary each party does his or her liking with the moiety of the chamber. The servant, *Jane Briggs* (Mrs. Humby) is attendant on both. The wife at once commences a system of annoyance; inviting a party of four ladies disguised as gentlemen—two of them *en militaire*—with whom she carries on a flirtation in her husband's presence. Whenever the latter attempts interference, Jane calls him to order. For awhile driven almost mad with jealousy, and threatening to go to the casino, *Mr. Pennipother* at length resolves on feigning to commit suicide,—and engages *Briggs* in the plot. The cunning minx forthwith conceives the plan of setting on her mistress to do the same. The requisite preliminaries having taken place, she proceeds to inform each that the other is drowned. In the midst of their grief, they meet on their return from the canal; and mistaking each other for ghosts, enter into mutual explanations. A reconciliation, of course, follows. The humours of the wedded pair were decidedly successful.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Massinger's 'Fatal Dowry' as altered by Mr. Sloan was reproduced on Monday and Tuesday. Wanting as this play is in unity, inconsequential in its scenes, and otherwise defective in structure (which it would seem Mr. Sloan had no skill to remedy, since he has rather aggravated the original evil than removed it), the dialogue is for the most part full of glorious poetry and fervent passion. One great advantage also it possesses; it has many sustained parts. Mr. Bennett as *Rochfort*, Mr. Marston as *Charalois*, and Mr. Hoskins as *Young Novald* had as good opportunities for display as Mr. Phelps in *Romont*. The latter is decidedly one of the manager's best assumptions. Its rugged integrity and imprudent straightforwardness of purpose were excellently rendered. Mr. Marston gave to *Charalois* an amount of pathos and force which made us forget his vocal infirmity in the general excellence of his acting. Mr. Bennett's ex-judge was highly meritorious. The man of honour, the righteous advocate, and the father were each in turn truthfully exhibited. In subdued characters no actor shows with better grace than Mr. Bennett. The wonted extravagance of his style being kept down we then find in his acting only the good qualities of the old school,—of which Mr. Bennett is almost the sole surviving representative. Mr. Hoskins in the fop was admirable:—it is, indeed, a line of business in which he has no competitor. Of Miss Cooper's *Beaumelle* we could desire to report favourably; but in truth the part in its one great situation is beyond this lady's natural powers. She misconceives it entirely. *Beaumelle* is meretricious, but not guilty—a lady, too, not a vulgar wench accused of "having followers." Previously to her next appearance in the character, it would be well for Miss Cooper carefully to revise her

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Points of theatrical precedence are sometimes as hard to arrange as the country ladies' right of walking first into the Assize ball-room used to be. Signor Mario's first appearance at Covent Garden the night before last in a grand opera never before fairly given in England, however, makes it inevitable that we confine our report of *Her Majesty's Theatre* to the mere announcement of its having opened on Thursday evening, with *Molière*, *Alibi*, & *La Coquettade*.

This week we have an unusual number of musical notes from correspondents to deal with.—We are, first invited to take yet one more glance at those

popular Concerts in Manchester towards which we look with so much interest. A correspondent, sending us further programmes, favours us with his account of "the manners" as well as of "the music." From this we transcribe a passage or two.—

The organ (writes our friend) was well played, but not attended to. \* \* The Free Trade Hall, we are no nut-shell, was full, as it has been, on every occasion. Working people, their wives and children, formed a large mass of the audience,—and their decorous behaviour would have been a pattern to some London audiences. \* \* The singers were plainly and decently attired, affecting no finery of dress or manners. The body of the Hall was liberally supplied with benches; and from near the platform the acreage of turned, homely, happy faces was a sight worth ten sermons against misanthropy. The comic singing was at the level of rather a dwarfish notion about fun. It pleased the good-natured folks with familiar observations on courtship and marriage, which were not jokers in their young days and are dismal enough to meet with now that they have become very elderly. \* \* I believe, however, it is a fact that "the people" can laugh at iterated commonplaces while anything like a new joke puzzles them.

In his last remark our friend has "hit upon the head" one of the cardinal difficulties of management,—whether the audience to be conciliated consist of Free-Traders or of *Lord Georges* and *Lady Bettys*. No people in the world cling to old associations in their pleasures so tenaciously as the English. The "prentice bold" who roars for "Hot Codlings" from the playhouse gallery at Christmas time is matched by many an amateur in "purple and fine linen" who sticks fast at a particular school, a singer elect, or the music in which he himself can take part.—

Your public (writes one of the most highly-gifted musicians of our day, speaking of matters at the antipodes to these Threepenny Concerts) takes habits, bad and good, and afterwards *will not* admit any interpretation different from that to which it is accustomed. This is a noble quality in individuals, but a great defect in a public as regards Art, &c. &c.

This tendency, then, must never be lost sight of by those intelligently catering for the English. It is possible that the inattention to the organ mentioned by our correspondent may in some measure arise from that instrument being employed to gather and disperse congregations,—and, therefore, habitually disregarded. But, holding this idea, we should not because of such temporary discouragement put an end to the organ performances. By-and-by, some among the two thousand concert-goers may be found listening with pleasure; being in the first instance quickened to attention by individual sympathy or taste,—until the instrument and the great music that belongs to it, in addition to their attraction as established features in the entertainment, will have acquired consideration on the score of their own value. While to weary away audiences can be no one's desire, and they are not to be trained within a single season, a gentle direction of their inclinations is sure of its reward at last,—though unpromising seem the task, there being few which require so much comprehensiveness of knowledge and patience of temper. But we are branching off into a lecture, where our intention was merely a cordial recognition with a passing comment.

It has been of recent years the Critic's pleasant task frequently to advert to the gradual improvement in the quality of our performances. A bad chorus in London is now, happily, the exception. And we are informed that the growth of popular taste and the power to indulge it afforded by the "Early Closing Movement" are essentially to be felt in the popular singing classes. Those at the Apollolonion Rooms are this year attended beyond all precedent.

Before we have done with popular music for the English and the claims put forth by the *Athenaeum* that our countrymen should be fed upon good compositions to good verses, we will make a place for another correspondent, who remarks that while we are often "anything but complimentary," we never "give a specimen of what a ballad should be,"—and obligingly offers to supply the *desideratum*. A single verse, however, must suffice to enable the reader, whether "musical or melancholy," to judge how far our contributor meets the requirements of the case.

He's a health to all friends far away,  
Though absent the heart holds them dear,  
May sunshine shed joy on their way  
And their path though life's dreary vale cheer.  
While around the gay life we meet,  
'Tis pleasure in thought to restore  
Each face and each smile once so sweet,  
Though their forms we may never see more.

A third correspondent offers a morsel of antiquarian fact.—

The performance of 'Israel in Egypt' and the consequent notices have recalled to my recollection a discovery which I some years back (when I had more leisure than at present) made respecting one of the choruses, and which is, I think, curious. In Sir John Hawkins's 'History of Music' there is an account of, among other German organists, one *Kel* who lived about the year 1669, and a specimen is given of his fugues, which on comparison is, note by note, identical with Handel's 'Egypt was glad' in 'Israel in Egypt.' It is curious that no notice (that I have seen) has ever been taken of this, nor have any musicians to whom I have mentioned it been aware of it. \* \* \*

It may be remarked on the above that the subject of the fugue in question is one of those smooth, musical phrases which might have suggested itself to two composers. Not so other of Handel's subjects:—for instance, that of 'They loathed to drink of the river,' in 'Israel.' But no one questions Handel's large obligations 'to all and sundry,' the affiliation of many of his first ideas to Clari and Collonna,—the identity of his 'Pastoral Symphony' in 'The Messiah' with a dance in 'Parthenia'—have been about as often stated among musical anecdotes as Purcell's ground-bass on Queen Mary's favourite 'Cold and Raw,' or the origin of Mozart's 'Requiem.' If, however, Handel was unscrupulous, the 'terrible mano' with which he remoulded and beautified all borrowed wares was his own. Bach and others professedly exercised themselves on arranging and elaborating quoted themes. Handel seemed to identify the appropriated themes with himself. Supposing him confronted in the Elysian fields with the owners of conveyed property, what was eloquently said of Napoleon under far different circumstances might also be truly applied to him:—

'And if they asked for rights, he made reply,  
'Ye have my glory'!—and so drawing round them  
His ample power, glorified and bound them  
In an embrace that seemed identity.'

The pilfered Kerl—if pilfering there was—was a Saxon born about 1625, sent to Rome twenty years later to study under Carissimi, who returned to Germany a brave organ-player and sound contrapuntist. For many years he was chapel-master at Munich, till driven thence by that never-ending still-beginning cause of strife, the 'intrigues of those Italian singers.' He avenged himself on the choir by writing a farewell motett or *offertorium* so odd and crabbed that there was no possibility of its being sung in tune—his antagonists' imperfect execution covering themselves with ridicule. Subsequently, he held appointments at Vienna, where he died about 1690.—Thus much from the *Biographie de M. Fétis*, who calls the good man *de (or von) Kerl*.

A fourth correspondent writes as follows.—'I see in a German paper that Wagner's opera of 'Tannhäuser' has been produced with great brilliancy and success at Weimar on occasion of the birthday of the Grand Duchess. Liszt, who since his appointment there has shown new talents as leader of an orchestra, had got it up with admirable care. The chief part was sung by Tichatschek, the "giant tenor" from Dresden. I am happy to indulge the thought that such a meeting of princes and people to enjoy together a fine work of Art is still possible. It may be true, as the writer of the article in question says, that the Thuringian States are too small to have each its separate and independent theatre and company,—and that even the musical talents and knowledge and the munificence of Duke Ernest of Coburg-Gotha cannot keep alive a theatre in his pretty little capital. It might perhaps be well that, according to the writer's plan, the Thuringian princes should have one central academy, and, like the large towns in certain districts in England, have a *revolving* company. Meantime, let us rejoice in the picture of the court of Weimar, so long the cynosure of Art-loving eyes, saved from that "wüste, unorganische Masse" which threatened to erase every vestige of refinement, and once more 'at home' to its subjects in the theatre for which Goethe thought and toiled,—to which the sovereign so largely contributes,—and in which he so greatly delights. The court pays three-fourths of the whole expenses; so that the theatre may almost be regarded as a private institution belonging to the Grand Duke. The actors are really "His Royal Highness's servants"—and the performance does not begin till the *Herrschäften* are present. The theatre is on the footing of a private chapel in a nobleman's house. The court in admitting the public only widens its circle; and the

myth still obtains that certain boxes are dedicated to the nobles of ancient blood. The 'allmächtige' Zeit has, however, extorted from the old etiquette the privilege of calling for favourite actors, and greeting them with noisy plaudits.—Whilst rumours of a democratical outbreak were still hovering about,—the court of Weimar unfolded its brocaded train, and appeared, brilliant and stately, in the midst of a concourse of princely guests. They were to do honour not only to the birthday of the Grand Duchess, but also to the christening of a granddaughter of that princess who can now look back upon a long life spent in every benevolent work, and whose large private resources have enabled her to indulge the feelings and tastes which have rendered her in the best and noblest sense of the word the Mother of the Land. If the people are really to fashion and to watch over the Government, let us hope they will learn to do the duties of a Government towards Art, Science, and Literature; and that if they deprive their princes of the power of promoting the intellectual development of society, they will be found competent and willing to fulfil that task themselves.'

Having been invited to witness the exhibition of an *Infant Pianiste and Vocalist*, dramatic, sentimental, and comic, only six years of age, in character, with appropriate costume—which has just been opened to the public—we must not be represented as gratuitously stepping out of our way to damage a new enterprise if we once again seriously deprecate all such performances as discreditable to those with whom they originate and more discreditable to all encouraging them by their presence. No terms are to be kept with the persons whose innate appetite for shows (it matters not what the cost) tends to the repeated intrusion upon the public of Prodigies or Monsters, with all its dismal and painful train of consequences.

The *Berwick and Kelso Warden* has been recently claiming for Scotland—whom but Donizetti? and on 'unquestioned authority.' The Bergamasque *mastro* was grandson, that journal assures us, of Donald Izett, one of the Earl of Breadalbane's farmers: the writer critically adding that 'Come è gentil' in 'Don Pasquale' has quite the cut of a Highland tune sung to a bag-pipe accompaniment. Thus, we once heard an enthusiastic Polish lady insist that all the airs in 'Don Giovanni' were mere Polish melodies pilfered by Mozart.—Rossini, too, on the same Border warrant, is laid hold of as a descendant of the Earl (not the Man) of Ross.—What will the Swedes say to another assertion which has been made by our Northern neighbours, to wit, that their 'Nightingale' is of Scottish extraction?—Every one recollects that Zuchelli was an Irishman, and many are aware of the Hibernian claims made upon Catalani.—Shall we next hear that poor Bellini turns out a 'cousin once removed' of the *Paul Bell* of Mr. Jerrold's magazine, or of the author of 'Jane Eyre'?—Here is ample work cut out for musical antiquarians; since at this rate (to say nothing of such minor puzzles as Signora Favanti, Signora Normanni, and Signor Felice of the six names) we shall begin to suspect that every musical body has been originally somebody else!

There is no event of interest in the musical chronicle of the Parisian week: this being now the height of our neighbours' season. 'Le Prophète' when it comes (there's much in a 'when'), will be accepted as compensation in full for want of enterprise or for mechanical and *circular* activity in every other parish of the Art."

We see by the Manchester papers that Mr. G. H. Lewes, known to our readers as the biographical historian of Philosophy—and one of the party of amateurs who have distinguished themselves here and in the North by their occasional performances for benevolent objects—has made his appearance in that city, with the regular theatrical company, in the part of Shylock. The *Manchester Examiner and Times* speaks in high terms of his performance:—and he was advertised to repeat the character.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Postage Stamps on Letters to France.*—The postage of a letter passing between any part of the United Kingdom and any part of France may be paid to its

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*Prize for a Printing Press.*—An American prize of the name of Moreton, the French papers say, has recently died in Paris,—bequeathing 40,000 francs for a premium to any one who shall construct a machine capable of striking off 10,000 copies of a newspaper in an hour.

*Library and Reading-Room of British Museum.*—A return moved for by Mr. W. Ewart, M.P., shows that the total number of volumes of printed books received, from 1814 to 1847 inclusive, under the Copyright Acts by the Trustees of the British Museum, amounts to 55,474; and the number of parts of volumes, including music, to 80,047. The number of maps, charts, &c., received since 1842 amounts to 187, and the number of parts of maps, &c., to 131. The total number of volumes of printed books contained in the library of the Museum at the end of the year 1848 amounted to about 435,000; the number of maps, plans, and charts, to 10,221; the volumes of MSS. to 29,626; the rolls of various kinds to 2,916; the number of charters and instruments to 23,772; the number of MSS. on reed, bark, and folded, to 208; the number of papyri to 55; and the number of seals and impressions to 851. For the information of strangers and the public generally, it may be stated that the reading-room of the British Museum is open every day, except Sunday, Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, Christmas-day, and any fast or thanksgiving days ordered by authority; except also between the 1st and 7th of January, the 1st and 7th of May, and the 1st and 7th of September, inclusive. The hours are from nine till seven o'clock during May, June, July, and August; and from nine till four o'clock during the rest of the year. Persons desirous of admission are to send in their applications in writing (specifying their Christian and surnames, rank or profession, and place of abode) to the principal librarian,—or, in his absence, to the secretary,—or, in his absence, to the senior under-librarian; who will either immediately admit such persons or lay their applications before the next meeting of the Trustees. Every person applying to produce a recommendation satisfactory to a Trustee or to an officer of the house. Applications declined in this respect will not be attended to. Permission will in general be granted for six months, and at the expiration of this term fresh application is to be made for a renewal. The tickets given to readers are not transferable, and no person can be admitted without a ticket. Persons under eighteen years of age are not admissible.—The number of volumes in the Bodleian Library of Oxford is about 220,000, and the number of MSS. 21,000.

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